

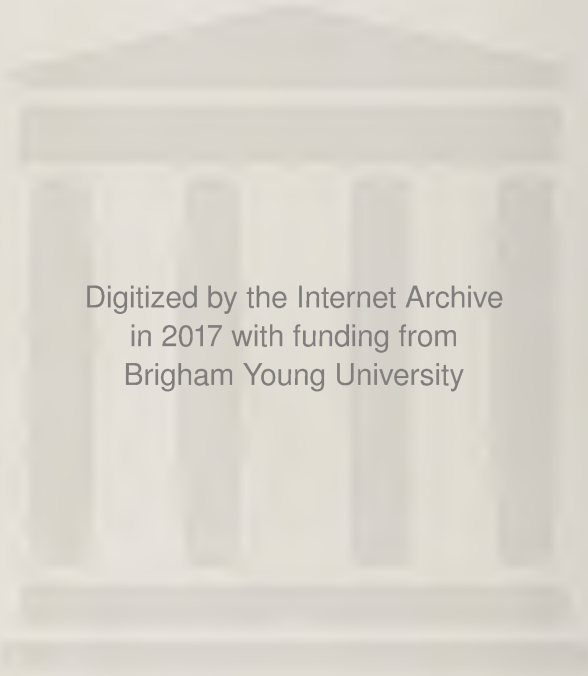
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CELEBRATION

OF THE

FORTY-SEVENTH ANNIVERSARY

OF

THE FIRST SETTLEMENT

OF

THE STATE OF OHIO,

BY NATIVE CITIZENS.

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Cincinnati:

Printed by Lodge, L'Houmedieu and Co.

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1835.

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## CELEBRATION.

For the purpose of making arrangements for the Celebration of the first settlement of the State of Ohio, a meeting was held in Cincinnati, December 26th, 1833, at which the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

“*Resolved*, That it be recommended to all Buckeyes throughout the State, to convene at suitable places, in every county, to commemorate with festivity and order, each [succeeding] Seventh of April—that being the birth-day anniversary of Ohio.”

In pursuance of this resolution, at a large meeting of the native young men of Cincinnati, in the month of January of the present year, the following gentlemen were elected as a General Committee of Arrangements:

### (OF THE CITY.)

AARON G. GANO,  
ALEXANDER EWING,  
WILLIAM IRWIN,  
ADAM N. RIDDLE,  
BENJAMIN B. WHITEMAN,  
M. L. J. BLAIR,  
JOSIAH J. STRATTON,

TH. H. YEATMAN,  
R. F. L'HOMMEDIEU,  
ROBERT W. BURNET,  
ALBERT GALLOWAY,  
SAMUEL P. HALL,  
J. J. WOODIN,  
HENRY WOOD.

### (OF THE COUNTY.)

JOHN W. HOLMES,  
JOHN S. HARRISON,  
HENRY MORSE.

JOHN H. GARRARD,  
JAMES C. LUDLOW,

### (OF THE COUNTRY.)

JOSEPH H. REILY, of Hamilton,  
JOHN W. CALDWELL, Franklin,  
J. W. VAN CLEVE, Dayton,

J. M. WILLIAMS, Lebanon,  
AARON HARLAN, Xenia,  
R. C. SCHENCK, Dayton.

At a subsequent meeting, at the suggestion of the Committee of Arrangements, for the City, it was

“*Resolved*, That the celebration of the Anniversary of the Settlement of the State of Ohio shall *originate* with the native born citizens of the State:—That the officers of such celebration, and the orator and the poets shall also be native born citizens: and that *all persons*, whether resident or non-resident, natives or not natives, be requested to join with the native citizens in such celebration.”

In pursuance of the foregoing resolution, the Committee unanimously selected WILLIAM M. CORRY, of Cincinnati, as Orator, and THOMAS WORTHINGTON, of Hocking county, and OTWAY CURRY, of Franklin county, as Poets, on this interesting occasion.

It was further resolved by the Committee, that the Oration and the Poem should be publicly delivered in the First Presbyterian Church of this city, and not, as formerly, at the dinner—as the occasion is one in which all classes of citizens should be enabled to participate.

On the 7th of April, 1835, the natives of Ohio, together with a large concourse of their fellow citizens, including some of the veteran and gallant survivors of the pioneers of this State, and several distinguished guests, who had been invited from other states, assembled at the First Presbyterian Church, where the ceremonies of the day were commenced by solemn prayer and thanksgiving to Almighty God, offered in behalf of the assemblage, by the Rev. William Christy, of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

The following Oration was then delivered, by William M. Corry, the Orator of the day:

### ORATION.

We have this day abandoned ordinary pursuits to consecrate an epoch which will survive us, and outlast all the monuments of our wonder-working industry. No sense of danger from without has convened this numerous audience: no jealousy of force, nor obedience to power within the State, nor love of pomp, nor dread of enemies, have placed the badges of fear and degradation on the zeal of this occasion. Mothers and daughters, sires and sons, we have come up together, to commemorate, by a civic festival, that small beginning, from which Ohio has advanced to her conspicuous seat in the family of republics.

In the midst of prosperous fortunes, it is well to multiply such observances. They stimulate us to vigilance, and give us seasons of reflection. They beguile our faculties from vanity and low ambition, and awaken us from the deceptive security of repose. They have the approbation of wisdom and the sanction of history. They are the suggestions of that public spirit which is the animating soul of liberty, counteracting the effect of time



upon glorious recollections, and strengthening the dominion of virtue, and the love of country. It is well, also, that this is unattended by that military parade, which, even in our intelligent city, would have collected a much larger assemblage. The time is gone, never to return, when martial emblems can add to moral effect. The banner, and the music in which it floats; instruments of death, and the costume of the soldier, all grace the scene of conflict, and deserve that importance among the horrors of "unsuccessful or successful war," which they have attained from the consent of ages. But the genius of this country does not demand their assistance in the consecration of an imposing pacific event.

Philanthropists of the nineteenth century, we should be thrice happy to banish them from scenes to which they are inappropriate; and to enlist in their stead, influences which, reaching farther than the surface, address the understanding, and waken no evil passion into life, by the emphasis of their appeal to the heart.

Immediately after the Revolution, attention was turned to the colonization of the public domain north west of the Ohio. Subsequent to several fruitless enactments by Congress on the subject, came the celebrated ordinance of 1787, which threw the arm of territorial jurisdiction over this then almost unsettled region, which had been held by individual states of the confederacy, but which they had magnanimously surrendered to the general government, for the general good. That act unsealed those exhaustless fountains of emigration, whose current setting westward, has animated with living streams, so large a portion of this expansive valley. Enterprise led out at first a few adventurers, to make a stern, unfaltering trial of their fortunes, in the wilderness, and this day completes the forty-seventh year since the emigrant's voice first broke on its solitude. How deep must have been his aching consciousness of danger, and assurance of toil—how dim in the distance either of space or time, was the prospect of safety or of ease. In the contemplation of this—the focus of his after thoughts—the scene of his earthly changes—the birth-place of his children,—the repository of his hopes for time, and the burial place of his body, when he entered upon the solemnities beyond it,—well might the pioneer, too dauntless to turn back, invoke succor from on high, for his

pilgrimage of peril and privation. Little did he suppose in that hour, that the land would be filled with his renown; that his progress would be traced by the eager pen of history, and win applause from the unslumbering voice of posterity. Little did he anticipate this day, when in honor of his character, and in honor of his achievements, so many have convened. He was but of yesterday, and to-day, no puny hamlet—but the thronged city pours out the tribute of filial homage and remembrance.—And it is a proud day to this generation, as well as to that just gone: for well may we, the offspring of the pioneers, exult in a lineage, whose annals and traditions, whose institutions and labors, have left us so much to possess, to remember and admire; so little to lament or forget. The origin of other races, is stained with crime, and belied by fable; but the leaves now written of Ohio's history, may, in comparison with them, be read by the moralist without indignation, and the antiquary without scepticism—by us without shame. The lust of conquest did not waste their energies, to leave our valleys desolate, nor fraternal discord rise to depopulate them by civil war. Their wealth was neither squandered in luxurious sensuality, nor the heartless profligacy of courts, nor lavished in ostentatious edifices, or futile public works, or profuse expenditure. But their wisdom and their virtue, their industry and frugality, have, in combination with the unfailing bounty of Heaven, poured upon our time, a tide of opulence, like the overflowing and fertilizing Nile. Enough to inspire us with the spirit, as it supplies us with the means to rival, in private hospitality, and public improvement, the oldest and richest nations of our day.

In the contemplation of such a moral and physical spectacle, we have reason to be exhilarated, beyond almost any measure of patriotic excitement. History fails with her analogies to illustrate, and the visions of poets lose their extravagance in application to this our golden age. The language and the thoughts of former time, seem here to be inadequate, and speculation rises on a stronger pinion to contemplate the future.

But we must not misspend our time in the idleness of admiration, nor in congratulating one another: not in fruitless wonder, nor thoughtless joy. As becomes men who are jealous of the integrity of our inheritance, grateful to those we have succeeded, and anxious to realize the whole length and breadth of our for-

tunes and prospects, we should improve this great occasion, by a rapid examination of past events, and a deliberate one of the era we live in, and those to which it is the precursor. The solemnity of the duty will be relieved by its encouraging effects, and our patience sustained by the degree of satisfaction in which it will be excusable to indulge.

Congress bounded what is now Ohio, by Pennsylvania, Kentucky, Indiana, Michigan, and Lake Erie; the area containing forty thousand square miles. Marietta was the point at which the first landing for settlement was made, just above the confluence of the Muskingum and Ohio, on the 7th of April, 1788.

In the same year, sagacity had discovered the advantages of this spot, for trade and agriculture, and in the presence of no witnessing concourse, and with unceremonial haste, were the foundations of Cincinnati laid upon the ruins of the empire forest. A glance at the district comprehended under the name of Ohio, satisfied the impatient adventurer that he had found a dwelling place of the most abundant promise. Its soil, its waters, its grandeur of outline, and intrinsic riches, seemed to require only the impress of moulding wisdom, and laboring hands to yield incalculable wealth, power and importance to its future inhabitants.

It was not, however, the land of the white, but the red man; and it was his favorite abode. His title to it, as to the other portions of the country, had been recognised by the justice of the colonial and general governments, as valuable and subsisting. The usual machinery of treaties was set in motion for its extinguishment, and the removal of the aboriginal tribes. But they saw through the fatal policy at last of surrendering peacefully, like the miserable Mexicans, to demands which only grew as they were gratified; and determined to keep possession of the dominion of which they were the natural owners. Recanting their extorted consent to grants partially ratified, their bold and sagacious warriors, grasped their weapons to embrue them in the blood of those who sought to push them from their ancient places of strength. Repeated had been the shocks between them and the citizens of Kentucky; and before the advance of the wave of civilized population north of the Ohio, the Indian's thirst for carnage had slaked itself in slaughter. The tomahawk



had done its deadly work, with avidity, and fire-brands had kindled around many a prisoner, his fiery sepulchre.

Generals Harmar, St. Clair, and Wayne were successively called into service for the protection of our frontier, all disciplinarians too old and too rigid for the peculiar commands committed to them. The fate of the first and second expeditions was consequently disastrous; but the latter fortunately broke the forces of the savage, for a season, after a wasting five years' war, in which indescribable losses were experienced by the whites, and the stern, cruel, but magnanimous and wonderful character of their relentless foe, was vividly exhibited.

Casuistry may deny the right of a rude people to the exclusive enjoyment of territory too extensive for them profitably to occupy, but none can be found who will not justify a violent defence of such a possession. And on this festive occasion, and amidst the praises of the pioneers, it becomes their descendants to disavow their prejudices, and be just, at least, to the memory of the departed. The reproach of the bloody consequences of the period to which we refer must be divided; and we should avoid too strong anathemas upon the children of the woods. The tenants, by force, of their territory—the slayers of their warriors—the desolators of their hearths, and the scoffers of their codes, their customs and their rights, we ought to sanction no unsparing sentence against *them*. Retrospective, perhaps retributive justice will some day be theirs.

This is not the place for their full vindication, to be derived from prolific accounts of their actions—their motives—their institutions. Yet no man can become the historian of the aborigines, without performing the righteous, but arduous task, of convincing all nations, that they were men of magnanimous virtues and signal greatness of soul: that their communities were unpolluted by crime, and that the whole constitution of their governments and religion, surpasses by many degrees the standard to which it has been reduced. Who has not admired the Indian's hyper-christian equanimity and self-command,—with equal composure brunting the extremes of fate and fortune. His veneration for age, his disinterested devotion to friendships, his respect for the dead, the unquailing energy of his purpose, the dignity of his mind, his disdain of riches and of slavery, his scorn

of baseness, his high estimation of desert;—and who is there who does not envy the Indian's fortitude?

His admirable and fundamental policy teaches the most utter personal independence,—that nothing can justify an invasion of it; no compensation can be made for its destruction, and that there is no compromise to retaliation for insult or injustice.

His mythology, superior to that of other heathen nations, is founded on the refined and elevated sentiment, that there is one great superintending Power, who is the Author of all things, and the object of all worship, and not upon the classic barbarism of a thousand rulers over the hosts of Heaven.

It is mournful that such a race of nature's own noblemen, should have been all swept from their haunts, by the besom of war, and the ban of civilization, except the lingering remnant, who are drying their garments, gory from the wounds of themselves and their fallen brethren, in the far off western sun. The tragedy is not more melancholy, than the sentence upon its authors is eternal. An undecaying memorial of the Indian's extermination will span every valley, and crown every cliff of this blood bought continent, perpetuating their story, and our shame on high, forever.

Much of our conspicuous prosperity, as a people, has resulted from the ordinance of 1787, under which Ohio began to populate, assisted by others, giving the best direction to her physical resources. The spread and character of our settlements, received an incalculable impulse from the paternal policy of the General Government, in the acts which passed in 1800, and subsequently, regulating the disposition of public lands, north-west of the Ohio river. The domain had been before sold in tracts so large as to be inaccessible, in the first instance, to the emigrant; and the terms of prompt payment, aggravated the difficulties of purchase. The law of 1800 reduced it as low as quantities of three hundred and twenty acres; and also founded that much abused and little understood "credit system," which has filled the State, to use the language of a highly intelligent gentleman, with the most successful, frugal, and public-spirited cultivators, known in this or any other country.

Real property, being the very basis of all governments, has been universally made, by statesmen, a great object of attention. The effort of princes has always been to concentrate it in the

fewest estates; and studiously to clog its transmission from hand to hand. In republics wisely administered, however, care ought to be uniformly taken to distribute it in such a manner, that if possible, every citizen might become a freeholder, and changes of property should be constantly promoted. The ordinance of 1787 untrammelled the acquisition of land, and made its descent equitable and uninterrupted. That of 1800, and all others amplifying its provisions up to 1820, during which period emigration was at its flood, enabled every diligent person to acquire a freehold in a way which eminently and immediately taught him the lessons of economy, prudence, and industry, and extended their beneficial influence all around him. By a process at once simple and propitious, after the payment of a small instalment, with close application, and rigid plainness of living, the balance of purchase money for a farm could readily be extracted from the soil, and a very few years found thousands of men of property, and high respectability, clear of debt, and confirmed in virtuous habits. They, and their children, make up a majority of the citizens of Ohio, trained in a better school of morals than was known to the era of Greece or Rome: and unequalled in modern times. They are the men who sheet-anchor the commonwealth, who use, without abusing, the rights of freemen, contented to be respectable, unable to live dependent. In times of peace or blood, to use a strong metaphor, the incendiary will find them *asbestos*—the demagogue a wall, invulnerable to “mutiny and rage,” indestructible by force or fraud, fire or the sword—the very ramparts of liberty. Unlike the mercurial mob of cities, they are given to none of those elephantine phrenzies, in whose sudden fierceness, irreparable harm is done to friends as well as foes; but keep on their gentle, irresistible course, as men who know the value of their institutions, and knowing, dare maintain them.

It is obvious that the Congressional plan of government and system of land sales, had the utmost influence in the formation of the early character of the West. Those truly excellent laws of Congress, furnished a perfect mould for well proportioned republicans; and there is a consideration connected with the ordinance of 1787, which deserves to be emphasised, and treasured up in every heart. That paper gave Ohio an entire exemption, for which she never can be sufficiently thankful—of which



she never can be too proud—from *the curse of slavery*. All her sister States have held an inhuman and tyrannic jurisdiction over captive negroes; but her soil was never trod by the foot of the slave with the sanction of her law. Injured Africa has no wrongs of which she can complain of us. That all-seeing God who will do final justice to her suffering children, has no judgments to visit upon the inhabitants of Ohio. We never disgraced the innocent by the ignominy of servitude. Our grain-clad hills, and blooming vallies, have not echoed to the punishment of stripes. The task and scourge have reared none of our vast monuments of national splendor—have constructed none of our private works—have contributed nothing to the aggregate of improvement, and of wealth. The unreluctant labor of free hands has built up all these; and it is a matter of the greatest joy, that we are able to take to ourselves the assurance that we are uncontaminated by, and guiltless of slavery. We point to no passage of our Constitution with more pride than that which makes it incompatible with its letter, as well as genius. Neither our fathers, nor we have to answer for liberty denied, service extracted, humanity trodden under foot. We are not forever confronted by the rebuking conscience, that we are the knavish preachers of that inherent freedom, which we are perpetually sacrificing to lucre and the unholy passions. Upon the arrival of that predicted period, when the oppressor shall grind the miserable no more in the dust; when the germ of liberty shall bloom beneath the sky of ill-starred Ethiopia, and her exile shall return to his long lost home, if the meekness of his broken spirit shall not prevent his uttering a malediction against others, he will at least remember Ohio with gratitude, and standing upon the shore of the fetterless sea, proclaim that in the midst of his enemies, she enslaved him not, and his native mountains will reverberate the echo from the rising to the setting sun.

When the time arrived for Ohio to put on the manhood of independence in 1802, she was admitted into the Union. Upon her assumption of sovereignty, she adopted a form of government equally beautiful and efficient. Like all the Constitutions of the United States, it is fixed and definite, emanating from the people in their collective capacity, and recognizing them as the source of authority, it confers on the representative no right to alter or abolish it. Its distribution of powers is well adapted to secure

wisdom, responsibility and caution in the legislator, and certainty and justice in the administration of the laws. Under it, entire freedom and equality are the portions of every citizen. The liberty of the press is guaranteed; universal suffrage conferred;—independence and toleration of religious opinion secured, and involuntary servitude, except for crimes, denounced. The importance of education declared, the rights of property made inviolable, and the equal operation of the laws ensured, and attended with every safeguard.

The Constitution of Ohio, thus hastily described, is radically a response to the Congressional ordinance of 1787, and was framed in a great measure in correspondence with that enactment the meritorious authorship of which belongs to the late lamented Nathan Dane, whose recent death has given real pain to thousands of Western as well as Eastern hearts. It was signal good fortune for that statesman to occupy the position of legislator towards this region, and the highest praise that he did not fall below the pinnacle of fame to which his duties led the way.—Lycurgus-like, the landmarks of his scheme of government for our territory will only fail with its prosperity, of which they are the permanent foundation. The whole country is grateful for his many benefactions to her grand designs. Every walk he trod, led to some work of ability or benevolence. He facilitated the study of the profession in which he labored by enriching its places of instruction, and preparing a manual of its precepts. He was eminent for purity and acquirement in that science which holds societies together, and largely affects the substance, hopes and happiness of mankind. He was a champion in that host of faithful counsellors which have adorned and dignified every enlightened country; which, in hazardous times, uniformly heads the opposition to despotism all over the world; and wages the warfare of Liberty under the banner of the laws—men who have endured poverty, abuse and torture without weakness; who never have capitulated to force; and who generally leave behind them the memorials of well-spent lives and spotless reputations. The grave has closed over his mortal remains, but his services to the Pioneers of the West will share the immortality of his elevated and upright soul. Their latest posterity will honor him, for they had infinitely rather bow to the unobtrusive greatness



of that man who penned the ordinance of '87, than to the most successful candidate for glaring and haughty renown.

During its infancy, our State was called to arm against Indian and British aggression. Both were gallantly repelled at the point of the bayonet, and all danger from future invasion of any magnitude on the frontier was dissipated by the death of the incomparable savage TECUMSEH, a native of Ohio, whose plots against her quiet and existence may be compared with the schemes of conquest proposed by the most enlightened military chiefs. He wound the chain of treaties and mutual league around the most adverse and distant tribes with a subtlety and power rarely equalled by civilized commanders, and had just grasped the avalanche, with a giant's might to precipitate it on the head of the devoted white man, when he was slain in a conflict made memorable by his prodigies of valor. With the key stone fell the ponderous arch.

About this period, the Western public embarked in steam navigation. The previous era had not passed without perceptible and auspicious improvement; but the prowess of the steam engine, accelerated beyond description the disclosure and increase of the illimitable wealth contained in the vast Valley of the Mississippi. Our fellow-citizens have been among the most enterprising and indefatigable masters of that powerful slave and agent. To them, its toils have been lucrative, and in all the leading interests of the country located throughout this stupendous scene of labor, its Herculean strength has wrought the most amazing part. That great department of political economy which depends upon facilities of transportation, had received also other artificial aid. In less than fifteen years after the State Government was established over this fertile territory the project was entertained of traversing it with canals. As early as 1812, the one which pours the wealth of the Miami Valley into the Ohio at this place, was projected and its route delineated by our distinguished townsman Dr. Drake, and in twenty years from that period, commerce is pursuing her prosperous way for hundreds of miles upon immense structures reared by human energy in defiance of obstacles and expense, fructifying the interior and uniting our extremities, giving the former manufactures, the latter bread, and filling our borders with all the comforts and ornaments of life.

Following the high example of older States, Ohio has spared no cost nor pains to furnish instruction to the members of every family without the means of education. She has organized a well-devised system of Free Schools; and provided adequate revenues for extending its benefits to all the abodes of ignorance within her jurisdiction. The basis of this stupendous scheme, indispensable to every republican government, was recognized, and appropriations for its stability made by the first ordinance for the Territory in 1785. With the generous aid of Congress, it has been brought by successive enactments to great perfection; and reflects much present credit on the State. A country like ours has need of the whole talent of its population, and much that is beyond price, would be buried, were it not for these magnanimous public charities. Universal education cannot be commanded by individual effort; and it is for the society which has its existence and happiness staked upon the virtues of its members, to make it commensurate with every want, and within the reach of every citizen. This has been nearly accomplished, and thousands of children are gratuitously educated in Cincinnati alone.

The school fund, and ample expenditures in the cause of religion, upon a plan somewhat similar, have made knowledge and the gospel exert their sway upon the minds and in the hearts of thousands of our fellow citizens who had been otherwise debased and outcast. Private munificence, however liberal, could have done comparatively nothing, for private resources would have fallen altogether below the undertaking.

On these measures of self protection and commanding benevolence, the patriot must look with a gratification not to be described. He beholds in their success a barrier erected to the floods of vice. He sees opportunities impartially extended to the poor, which before only fell to the share of affluence. The whole mind of the commonwealth assayed so that nothing valuable shall be lost, nothing precious overlooked. The whole heart of the commonwealth purged of corruption. The free school and voluntary worship are the irresistible institutions by which this rising country will be conducted to her highest destiny.

To speak of them as mere devices of government, they merit equal encouragement. The former educates the mind and enables it to see its true interest; the latter quells the fearful passions which would disregard that interest. Education illuminates the

pathway of the citizen. Religion abhors those revolutions which have profaned its altars, ransacked its temples, and massacred its ministers. It ordains sacrifices of personal interest and resentment, and following the example of its author, it only breathes humility, patience, gentleness, obedience to the laws, peace towards man, submission to Providence, indulgence and love of enemies, the contempt and even the fear of the goods of this earth, and the resignation of all which avarice and pride could desire. Crime has been much diminished by this divine alliance, aided by admirable police, and an exercise of the power of the government so discreet as to enlist no compassion for the guilty, nor countenance oppression of the blameless.

Not to occupy your mind farther with this part of the subject, I dismiss it by saying that the Constitution of Ohio, and the Statutes which have perfected its details may be produced with the greatest confidence for the examination of the statesman; and whoever shall read their provisions and feel unwilling to praise them, may suspect his head and distrust his heart.

One of the most important domestic events which has occurred to us as citizens of this State, has been the influx of foreign emigration. Exotics from Europe, especially Ireland and Germany, have come among us with all their enthusiasm and sobriety, in most advantageous numbers. The arm of the former has assisted us to erect our gigantic public works; has enabled us to spurn the natural surface of the vale and river, and push our trade on those artificial levels of stone and water, which are the pride of Ohio. The Germans, however, are a population which will exert the most extensive agency on our future welfare. Within five years, thousands of this phlegmatic race have been thrown upon the shores of the United States, by the convulsions of their own country and a preference for our free institutions. Their steps have tended hitherward; and their residences occupy many of our plains and summits. Some have settled in the larger cities, and fallen into dissipated habits, but the remainder pursue a most laborious and thrifty agriculture, with much attention to the arts. They are submissive to the law, and seem to be both orderly and pious. I am one of those who fear not their degraded ignorance, nor their pauperism. They are great auxiliaries to the laboring classes: they will very much enhance our national wealth, splendor, and durability.



ty. Rapidly as we have filled up the limits of the State from other sources, with enterprising citizens, a very large portion of it is yet unopened to the sun, and unproductive, not because of barrenness, but because of our sparseness of population. These foreigners will assist incalculably in placing every acre under cultivation. They have the vigor and disposition to second the generosity of our soil. They will aid strenuously, also, in the further prosecution of works of internal improvement, and contribute in many other ways to the grandeur of Ohio and the union of the States. Those are now alive who will see the descendants of the persevering German wielding a wide influence, acting distinguished parts, and standing among the toasted beauty, the refinement, wealth and intelligence of the country.—Gathering property in the most ordinary employments, the ancestor is laying a foundation for the future respectability of his offspring; and, although his value may be thought to rest altogether on his capacity for labor, that partial view is far short of *their* legitimate prospects. We shall see his children on every theatre of action, exercising every craft, and crowding every avenue of fortune, and seeking laurels at the most forbidding points. Whatever lies within the compass of unrelinquishing application, and leading talents, they will be certain to secure; and they will gradually become bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh—incorporated with us, and inseparable from us—influencing our fortunes, and accelerating our maturity by a period short in the calculation of months and years, but of enormous worth, when it refers to the destiny of more than one million of freeborn citizens, at the present rapidly advancing age.

I will not detain you to speak at greater length of our remaining resources, or to dwell upon considerations which spring up at every step of the examination. From what have been imperfectly presented, it is surely not presumptuous for us to look forward to increasing and established power. No short half century in the annals of the world, has presented equal advancement: no nation's growth has created greater admiration. No citizens have been so early distinguished for energy, industry, frugal habits, noble spirit, and honest pride:—there are none any where to be found, whose efforts tend more directly to the increase of knowledge, harmony, morals, and political consequence; and to diminish the chances of ignorance, discord, vice and degeneracy.

There are no accidents, scarcely any slow-working evils in the way to betray us, or to steal from our institutions their exceeding weight of glory. From military rule, we are guarded by every defence. The habits, principles and character of our people are all adverse to the shameful domination of war over the arts of peace,—of martial over civil fame. Our popular commotions will only make the air too pure and difficult for the existence of demagogues; for the spirit of the people accords with an exalted emancipation from their arts. Political errors will be soon repaired, and official treachery become its own executioner. The violence of party may do momentary harm, and license of the press create frequent distress to individuals; but we shall be permanent sufferers from neither the conflict of the one, nor the zeal of the other. Elections at least frequent enough, will prevent the dangerous ascendancy of partizans, and public opinion confine the abuse of printing within salutary limits. Neither a strong hand then, nor popular delusion, nor the licentiousness of the press, can possibly break up the foundations of our system, which would seem to contain within itself, not only the ability to keep pace with the wants and expectations of our people; but to endure till that distant day, when human inventions shall be inadequate to their government.

There is but one cause that can lay the fabric in ruins; a cause more formidable to the peace of Ohio, than the danger of standing armies, party tactics, and a prostituted press, combined. I mean a remorseless thirst for the acquisition of riches. There are distant fears derived from the untiring strife for money which is seen in every rank of our people; and the homage paid its possessors, as well as the social respectability and weight in affairs, assumed upon that slight foundation, that "avarice, whose bosom friend is knavery," will become our national passion, and the love of self enthrone itself above the love of liberty, of law, and of country. Dreadful will be the sequel of that hour when such supremacy shall be declared—when gold shall absorb the tributaries of sentiment, block up the avenues of charity, stifle the voice of duty, and shut the ears of men to patriotic appeal. The foot of the conquering fiend will stamp out every spark of generosity, of sublime virtue, and public enthusiasm, those life-guards who vigil the temple of majestic liberty, and keep off the polluting touch of bribery and grossness. If we are drifting upon

such a bottomless gulf of infamy, let us open every avenue of immediate escape: not to injure those who are in ascendant by the instrumentality of affluence; but to warn the young to flee from the embrace of the syren. Let us teach the aspirant to disdain her seductions: and rather than deliver himself up to this execrable Mammoness, let him mount the ladder of the most dangerous ambition, even though it were planted on the precipice and leaned against a cloud.

Array all the influences of honesty and patriotism, my countrymen, against the mania which proceeds from a pence getting spirit. Learn to approbate the most homely and straightforward integrity, and never bend the supple knee to the base and pampered wallowers in ill-gotten or ill-used wealth. The fate of Canute does not await that legislator who rebukes the encroaching wave of this whelming ocean; but if our public servants will not dyke it out, as men, we should be covered all over with the panoply of firmness, and stand up against a tide, which may be the Red Sea, not of deliverance, but of destruction, to your laws and rights. The country has suffered almost ruin from this dread scourge of avarice before, and may now be approaching another crisis of similar disaster. Be not deceived by the prosperous signs which surround us: the doomed ship is never so buoyant to the view, as at that moment just preceding the explosion which fills the air and covers the expanse with her shattered wreck. Remember that pestilence walketh in darkness, as well as wasteth at noon-day.

In these gloomy thoughts I may be mistaken. I hope I am. God grant they may be unfounded. Perhaps they are. It is very certain that in all things else which liberalize the mind and lead it to the knowledge of its power, its duties and its reward, we have not remained behind the march of intelligent opinions; Ohio is indeed no pale planet nor borrowing moon of that constellation which has led its van.

One parting word in explanation of this festival. We live under peculiar institutions. As people of the United States, we have constructed two governments by a most happy and unexampled philosophy, pursuing independently and harmoniously different but compatible objects over every part of our widespread territory. To each we owe a tantamount allegiance, and our fealty to one is in aid of our duty to the other. We are at



once citizens of the Confederacy and citizens of Ohio. We are the heirs of ancestors who braved the violence of despotism in '76, and we are the successors, and children of the Pioneers. It derogates nothing from our national faith that we should celebrate the settlement of our State, as well as the foundation of the Republic, and we have assembled to perform the ceremonies of its Anniversary, not because we are unmindful of the benefits which the Union has conferred on us, and with no design to detract from its brightness, or to impair its benificent influence. We are conscious that the unmerited reproach of ingratitude will not be visited upon us. Have we not displayed our attachment to it by every token of affection, and do we not always stand ready to defend it—to honor it? Is there one who hears me who had not rather die disputing the last inch of ground with its enemies than abandon the Palladium of human hopes and its surmounting flag? It is not desertion of our duty, least of all, the first of duties, which brought us to this sacred temple. We are guiltless of such profanation of the place. The Union has no truer friend than Ohio. One of the mighty family of free nations, with features so peculiar, that they are strangers in the world; she stands boldly forth to respond to welcome, or retort offence as either may be the pleasure of other empires; and would feel as keenly, insults and invasion offered her confederates, as wrong done to herself. She looks to an inseparable Union, for the common safety, the common welfare, and binds up her own lot in the common fate; whenever rude hands are laid upon that holy ark, she will send forth from her furrowed fields, and busy cities, her hundred thousand fighting men to draw their swords for awful justice upon the sacrilege.

At the dawn of this day, then, with every circuit of the sun, we may patriotically present vows of fidelity and admiration before the shrine where we are now assembled. May our beloved State enjoy the public homage of her children, on each annual return of her birth-day—forever! While we survive, the debt shall be paid; and our descendants cannot disregard it! From us, at least, they shall receive no lesson of perfidy, nor excuse for neglect. But they will not disgrace their origin so much; the event may be left to fortune, without one precept of monition to accompany our legacy of example. They will be true to obligations from which no stretch of power, no contin-

gency of temptation, no lethargy of purpose, can divert their steps.

CITIZENS OF OHIO HERE ASSEMBLED!—

Long after we shall have receded from the stage of action, the sloping sides of our boasted amphitheatre of hills will give back the shouts of other generations, from the plain, when they shall have succeeded to the ceremonies we are discharging, and come to act their parts in the drama now first originated; and it is the wish nearest my heart that we may all, without distinction of age, sex, or caste, have done much before the curtain drops on us, which can be appropriately remembered!

An ode was then recited by THOMAS WORTHINGTON, which will be found in another place.

At three o'clock of the same day, the company, consisting of about three hundred persons, including a number of invited guests, assembled at a dinner prepared for them, at the Commercial Exchange, on the river bank, near the spot where the first cabin was erected in 1788. The dinner consisted chiefly of the productions of our own soil, and no ardent spirits were provided.

J. W. VAN CLEVE presided, assisted by  
ROBERT T. LYTTLE, and  
ALEXANDER EWING, vice-presidents.

After the cloth was removed, the following toasts were drank:

### REGULAR TOASTS.

1. *The day we celebrate*.—Forty-seven years ago this day, the wilderness was first invaded by a civilized community; to-day, the same soil bears upon its surface a million of freemen. *Yesterday* a weak and unprotected infant!—Hercules in his cradle—*To-day*, emphatically, “the Young Giant of the West.”

2. *Our Pioneer Fathers*—Neglected by their country, let us cherish their memories—the memory of such men is our noblest inheritance:

“Our waters murmur of their name,

“Our woods are peopled with their fame.”



After which, the following lines written for the occasion, by an unknown hand, were recited by Jos. LONGWORTH, jun.

### THE PIONEER.

The forest was silent, the gaunt wolf was there,  
Crouching low in the shade of his brush covered lair—  
The panther was watching, and fiercely the snake,  
Awaited his prey in the marsh and the brake.

The red man was there—who so swift in the race?  
So fearless in battle, so keen in the chase?  
He was there in the might, and the pride of the brave,  
To vanquish his foeman, or purchase a grave.

The forest was cheerless,—no mansion arose,  
To give food to the hungry, the weary repose:  
The hurricane swept through the region of gloom,  
And the pestilence gathered its prey for the tomb.

Who is he that so boldly, his weapon in hand,  
Unappalled by the dangers that bristle the land;  
Unmoved by the tempest, unawed by the yell,  
Treads proudly the forest, and sleeps in the dell.

He has scaled the tall cliff, where the bald eagles scream,  
He has passed the deep valley, and forded the stream—  
He has slept on the rock by the rattle-snake's den,  
And roamed with the wolf in his own wild glen.

Say, who is that stranger who comes from afar,  
To the land of the savage, apparelled for war;  
Alone, yet undaunted—no friend at his side,  
No comrade to counsel, no leader to guide.

'Tis the white man that comes—'tis the bold Pioneer,  
Long trained to the chase of the elk and the deer;  
A child of the border, familiar is he  
With the whoop that he heard on his mother's knee.

And *why* comes the stranger to this lone wild?  
Why leave the endearments of home, wife, and child?  
Why roam from his birth-place, his kindred and name?—  
Ye sons of Ohio, ask *ye* why he came?

Look around o'er the valley—where, where is the land,  
Whose soil is so teeming, whose sun-light so bland?  
Whose streams so majestic?—What valley so blest,  
So fruitful, so fair, as the *Vale of the West*?

Why left the fierce North-men, their snow-covered home,  
To ravage fair Italy, conquer proud Rome?  
Why sought the bold Saxon, the Norman, the Dane,  
New homes in the far distant isle of the main?

Our fathers!—what star guided *them* o'er the wave,  
To seek in the desert a home or a grave?  
What lured the plain Quaker, the Puritan band,  
And the bold Cavalier to our wood-covered strand?

They were brave, they were free; they were tempted to roam,  
To a sunnier clime, and a happier home:  
And they searched every Ocean, and tried every zone,  
For a country, a climate, more bright than their own.

And thus came the bold, in the vigor of youth,  
From the ocean-bound East, and the North, and the South,  
To conquer a home, and to win them a rest,  
On the redolent plains of the tree studded West.

Ye natives! 'twas thus your adventurous sires,  
Forsaking their father-land, altars, and fires;  
The homes of their childhood, the graves of their kin,  
Gave all that they valued, for all they might win.

They climbed every barrier, no peril could daunt,  
Through storm and through pestilence, battle, and want,  
And marching still on with the path of the sun,  
Regained a lost home, in a Paradise won!

Their Star was the Day-Star, and westward it led,  
Till around them in beauty the bright Eden spread;  
And the garden of gardens that blooms round us here,  
Was found, and *was won*, by the *brave Pioneer*.

3. *The Indian enemies of the Pioneers*—They were a gallant people—may we who claim Ohio as the land of our birth, love it as well!

4. *The far West*—'Twas here—'twas in St. Louis—'tis now five hundred miles beyond: the voice of a great people, like the noise of many waters, goes up incessantly where recently dwelt the primeval solitude of Nature:—The West, her march is onward and to Empire!

5. *The first Settlers of America*—Pilgrims from oppression in the land of their Fathers, they sought an asylum in the Wilds of the New World:—Of the rich inheritance bequeathed to their posterity, the most estimable portion is their hatred of tyrants, and their love of independence!

6. *Our Emigrant Friends*—They are welcome amongst us. Our hospitality, like our soil, is open to all;—We disclaim jealousy, we claim brotherhood. May it be mutual.

7. *To the memory of those who in 1782 built the first Log Fort where Cincinnati now stands*—They little thought that they were

laying the foundation of the Queen City of the West! They are dead—but the city they have founded, is their living monument!

8. *The Ordinance of 1787*—The charter of our social and political prosperity—it forever excluded from our borders the deep curse of slavery—may its principles be firmly implanted in our affections, and the remembrance of its author (the venerated Dane) indelibly engraven in the hearts of our children.

9. *National Union*—The life of our political existence:—Tho' we delight in the preservation of our distinctive character, our affections are for our *whole* country, one and inseparable.

10. *Internal Improvements*—Ohio may justly be proud that whilst engaged in the developement of her *physical* resources, she has been mindful of those which pertain to her *moral* and *intellectual* excellence.

11. *The President and Heads of Departments of the United States.*

12. *The Army and Navy of the U. States*—Our pride in peace, our glory and defence in War.

13. THE FAIR—

“Without our hopes, without our fears,  
“Without the home that plighted love endears,  
“Without the smile from partial beauty won,  
“Oh! what were man!—*A world without a Sun.*”

The following ode written by OTWAY CURRY, was then recited.

### ODE.

Land of the brave, and beautiful, and free!  
Ohio, thy glad children celebrate  
Thy high and wonderous destiny,  
And, rallying on thy free soil, emulate  
The chivalrous deeds of those who have won and wore  
Unfading laurels, gathered in thy name:  
The patriot band, whose martyrs went before,  
To wear in brighter worlds the diadem of fame.

The Pioneers of the old days were led  
By the high hand of Heaven, to thy green shore;  
The warriors of the wild before them fled—  
The dark-browed braves renowned in Indian lore—  
And theirs was joy unmingled, when they trod  
Thy forest depths, and thy savannahs wild,  
And thankfully their hearts went up to God,  
Light as the dreaming thought of a young sleeping child.

They wandered then along the verdant vales,  
Where brightly the careering rivers ran:

Above the inland floods, their tiny sails  
 Rose to the view of wild and savage man;  
 And bird, and brute, from forest bough and lair  
 Came stealing forth, the timid and the strong,  
 To gaze upon the pageant of the air  
 That past them with breeze—went wondrously along.

Anon, the gloomy and titanic trees,  
 That shadowed o'er the ancient burial mounds—  
 Whose foliage, greenly quivering in the breeze,  
 Gave music forth that seemed like lingering sounds  
 Of other times—were by a spirit rude  
 Torn down, and fashioned into mansions strange  
 And new, that filled the hoary solitude;—  
 The prelude to a wide and wonder-stirring change.

A change of times—of men—of sleeping dust!  
 Strong spirit of adventure, thou canst spurn  
 Compassions plea, and from his own home thrust  
 The red man, to that land whence none return.  
 And thou hast rent the sepulchres, and torn  
 Their inmates from the calm repose of death,  
 To be down-trodden, heedlessly, or born  
 Abroad upon the earth, by the tornado's breath.

The blight of scorn should fall and rest on him,  
 Whose reckless hands a brutal warfare wage;  
 Who spoils for gain, the mausoleum, dim,  
 And worn with storms of many a passing age.  
 These old memorials of the dead were piled  
 By nations striving for the breath of life,  
 To tell of toils and battles in the wild:  
 Save these, they have not left a relic of their strife.

Are there not visions vague and undefined,  
 With which our death-like sleep is strongly fraught,  
 Apart from the volition of the mind,  
 And from the clogged and torpid spirit's thought?  
 The dead! the silent, the unwaking dead!  
 Perchance in Earth's green bosom, where they lie,  
 Even thus their rest is broken by the dread,  
 The shuddering, dreaming dread, of the rude spoiler nigh.

Then let the dead repose. There is a voice,—  
 The "Still small voice," which cheers the wild and wave—  
 Which bids the wanderers of the sky rejoice,  
 And calls the weary to the sheltering grave.  
 Oh! let not that immortal voice, which now  
 Is ever whispering Angel Virtue's name,  
 Wake even one hope to light the spoiler's brow,  
 Or meliorate his doom of never-ending shame.

But evil thus with good will ever blend,  
In every earthly change. *Here good prevails.*  
Our thankful pæans from the hills ascend;  
Our songs of gladness from the populous vales,  
Rich fields and gardens, from the desert won,  
And flowery plains in happy stillness lie;  
And steeples glitter in the noon-day sun,  
Where erst the Indian hurled the feathery shaft on high.

Their countless stores in all our wide domain,  
Fair Commerce and the arts prolific yield:  
Greeting the sunshine, and the genial rain:—  
The plough-boy wins the harvest from the field.  
The whistling plough-boy! Oft in summer morn  
Behold him, rapt in spirit, musing stand,  
Beneath the tassels of the waving corn,  
The volume of the lore of ages in his hands.

And science with her all-enchanting wand,  
Is ever pointing to her native sky—  
To the bright stars, and the far heaven beyond:  
The home for which her toiling children sigh.  
And Poesy, whose golden lyre first rang,  
The rising of the infant world to bless—  
Who erst of peace and joy in Eden sang:—  
Hath many a wild and chiming in the wilderness.

Green land of freemen! Thou and these were bought  
With mortal sufferance; blood, and tears, and woe:  
Here the stern Indian with his rifle fought,  
Or sped the arrow from his twanging bow.  
Here in the midst of clangor and alarm,  
The strong man perished by a savage hand:  
And here, when vanquished by the white man's arm,  
The red chief turned in wrath to seek the spirit-land.

Dark years of danger, and of stormy strife,  
Ye are a portion of the hoary past.  
Fair star of freedom! Light of human life!  
Thy rising beams allume the lonely waste.  
They haunt the Indian in his gloomy dream—  
They prompt the minstrel's happy heart to sing,  
And crown thine image in the purling stream,  
With the first emerald leaves, and flowers of early spring.

Letters were read by the President, from a number of distinguished gentlemen, who had been invited; which we copy, as nearly as can be recollected, in the order of their presentation.



FROM JAMES MADISON.

*Montpelier, March 25th, 1835.*

I have received, fellow citizens, your letter of the 12th inst., inviting me to "a celebration, by the native citizens of Ohio, of her first settlement in 1788."

Having now reached my eighty-fifth year, and being otherwise enfeebled by much indisposition, I am necessarily deprived of the pleasure of accepting the invitation. I am not the less sensible, however, of what I owe to the kind spirit and flattering terms in which it is offered.

Under circumstances permitting me to join in the festive scene, I should, besides the gratification of making my acknowledgments in person, have that also, of visiting a highly interesting portion of our country, which would be new to me, and of witnessing the natural, social and political advantages, which are attracting so much admiration. Taking into view the enterprise which planted the germ of a flourishing State, in a savage Wilderness; the rapidity of its growth, under the maturing protection of the Federal Councils: the variety and value of the improvements already spread over it, at the age of less than half a century, and the prospect of an expanding prosperity, of which it has sufficient pledges, Ohio may be justly regarded, with every congratulation, as a monument of the happy agency of the free institutions which characterize the political system of the United States.

I pray you to accept, with my cordial respects, the assurance of my best wishes.

JAMES MADISON.

A. G. GANO, A. N. RIDDLE, etc. Committee.

TOAST.

*James Madison*—The sole surviving signer of the Constitution. Though long retired to the shades of Montpelier, his private virtues and public services are gratefully cherished in the hearts of his countrymen.

FROM HENRY CLAY.

*Ashland, March 30th, 1835.*

GENTLEMEN:—I have duly received your letter of the 13th inst., inviting my attendance on the celebration of the anniversary of the settlement of the State of Ohio, proposed by its na-

tive citizens, on the 7th proximo. I feel greatly honored both by the invitation and the flattering terms in which it is conveyed. A resident of a neighboring State, during a period of time almost equal to that which marks the existence of Ohio, as a civilized community, I have witnessed its astonishing growth, and rapid advance in wealth, improvement and greatness, with the highest satisfaction. Looking back upon the past with feelings of pleasure and gratitude, and forward to the future power and prosperity which, under the blessing of Providence, await it, the people of Ohio have abundant cause for the contemplated celebration of the anniversary of the first settlement of their State. If it were in my power, I should join in the festivities of the occasion, with a delight which will scarcely be surpassed by that which will be enjoyed by those more directly concerned. But having recently returned to my home, not in very good health, after a long absence from it, I regret that I cannot accept your friendly invitation, without too much personal inconvenience.

I pray you to communicate my respectful acknowledgments where they are due, for the kind consideration of me, which has been entertained, and my best wishes that your festival may realize every agreeable anticipation which has been formed. I request your acceptance, also, of the assurances of high personal esteem and regard of your faithful friend and obedient servant,

H. CLAY.

A. G. GANO, A. N. RIDDLE, &C. Committee.

#### TOAST.

*Henry Clay*—The patriot of Ashland.

FROM WASHINGTON IRVING.

*New York, March 23d, 1835.*

GENTLEMEN:—I have just received your letter, on behalf of the Committee of Arrangements, inviting me to the anniversary celebration of the landing of the first settlers of Ohio, at the mouth of the Muskingum river. It is with regret that I am prevented by distance, and indispensable engagements, of availing myself of so flattering and acceptable an invitation. I scarce know any festival more calculated to awaken exalting enjoyment, than one commemorating an event, which, under our own eye, as it were, has almost equalled the marvels of creation.

There is nothing, since my return to my native country, that has filled my mind with grander anticipations of its destiny, than the sight of the great internal States, which, within a few brief years, have sprung from a primeval wilderness, into populous, and powerful existence. When I consider these vast regions of inexhaustible fertility, deeply embosomed in our immense continent, and watered by mighty lakes and rivers; when I picture them to myself as they soon will be, peopled by millions of industrious, intelligent, enterprising, well instructed, and self-governed freemen; blessed by a generally diffused competence; brightening with innumerable towns and cities, the marts of a boundless internal commerce, and the seats of enlightened civilization—when I consider them in this light, I regard them as the grand and safe depositories of the strength and perpetuity of our Union. There lie the keys of empire; there dwells the heart of our Giant Republic, that must regulate its pulsations, and send the vital current through every limb. There must our liberties take their deepest root, and find their purest nourishment; there, in a word, must we look for the growth of a real, freeborn, home-bred, *national character*, of which our posterity may be proud.

I beg you therefore, gentlemen, to express my thanks to the Committee of Arrangements, for the honor they have done me, in inviting me to a festival, calculated to call up such feelings, and that you will offer them, in my name, the following toast:

“*The Pioneers of Muskingum*—Who called an empire into existence, out of the depths of the wilderness.”

I am gentlemen, very respectfully, your obedient servant,  
WASHINGTON IRVING.

A. G. GANO, A. N. RIDDLE, & C. Committee.

TOAST.

*Washington Irving*—A bright specimen of native genius.

FROM J. K. PAULDING.

*New York, March 24th, 1835.*

GENTLEMEN:—I have never, in the whole course of my life, received so gratifying an honor as that conveyed by your invitation to attend the first celebration of the landing at the mouth of the Muskingum river, for the settlement of Ohio, forty-seven years ago. The event is richly worthy of commemoration, and I earnestly hope will be celebrated long ages hence, by a



people, as happy, virtuous, and free, as they are at this moment.

Neither history nor fiction, exhibits a parallel to the growth of Ohio. A million of inhabitants, enjoying all the blessings of a rational existence, and all the substantial comforts which constitute the basis of human happiness; surrounded by cultivated fields, embellished by cities, colleges, schools, churches, every thing which either produces, or indicates the existence of virtue, industry, and intelligence. All these are found within a space, which forty-seven years ago was a pathless wilderness, untrodden but by wild beasts, and savages equally wild. Imagination cannot realize such a change produced in such a time, and the evidence of facts can alone make the miracle credible. For myself, gentlemen, my most earnest admiration accompanies the past history of Ohio, whose very name seems to point it out as the abode of happiness, the land of music and of song; and my most earnest good wishes are for its future prosperity. The great West has been to me always, an object of interest and wonder. I have often wished, but as often failed, to go and see it with my own eyes; and have endeavored to make myself amends, by describing it from books and from imagination. It is the region of poetry, romance and adventure, and those who imagine our country does not afford ample materials for all these, can never have heard of the courage, fortitude, perseverance, hardihood and sufferings of the gallant Pioneers of the great valley of the west.

Such being my feelings and impressions, I would at this moment rather visit that region of physical, moral and political wonders, than make the tour of the old world:—I would rather realize the miracle of the growth of Cincinnati, than ponder over the ruins and ancient glories of Rome: I had rather gaze on the graceful windings of the Ohio, than on the muddy currents of the Arno and the Tyber; and it gives me a thousand times more heart-felt pleasure to look forward to the future glories of my country, than back on the ancient renown of nations, whose former virtues now stand contrasted with their present degeneracy.

Such an opportunity now offers itself, accompanied by every temptation, that can make it doubly desirable. But it is with the most sensible regret, I am compelled to decline your invitation. Both public and domestic obstacles stand in the way, and

without entering on particulars, which concern only myself, I am obliged to be as contented as I can, with only offering you, gentlemen, for yourselves, and those whom you represent, my best thanks, for the honor you have done me by your invitation. On the day of your festival, I too, mean to toast the State of Ohio in a bumper, and drink to its future prosperity. And that you may not entirely forget me in my absence, I must beg you will fill to the following toast:

*The Young Ohio*—May her past history be as the shadow only of the reality that is to come.

I have the honor to be, gentlemen, your obliged and obedient servant,

JAMES KIRKE PAULDING.

A. G. GANO, A. N. RIDDLE, &c. Committee.

TOAST.

*James K. Paulding*—Would that he were present!

FROM DR. BIRD.

*Philadelphia, March 27th, 1835.*

GENTLEMEN:—While I heartily regret my inability to accept the invitation to be present at the Celebration of the 47th Anniversary of the Landing at the mouth of the Muskingum, with which you have honored me, I cannot refrain from expressing the great pleasure which I individually feel at the institution of a festival, due alike to the past and the coming generation, and from which, if continued in the spirit with which it is begun, a lover of his country can easily foresee many auspicious consequences. The affection for the land of our birth, imprinted in the hearts of all, is strengthened and perpetuated by the existence of objects and places endeared to our recollections and pride; and it will be a happy day for America, when every spot of holy ground throughout the States, shall be known, revered, and loved. When this shall have happened, when such places are marked with monuments and distinguished by pilgrimages and festivals, when our beautiful rivers and valleys have been made, as they should be, the themes of our poets and musicians, the subjects of romance and story, we shall have objects at home, whereon to bestow our affections, much more honorable and profitable than any we can seek in our father-lands. It was the boast of all the polished nations of antiquity, that they were

sprung from the soil they occupied; it should be ours, that we possess, and will return to, that which our fathers reclaimed from the desert. With this feeling, it becomes us to trace the footsteps of our progenitors, and do honor to the sites made memorable by their labors and sufferings. There is no fear that local attachments will degenerate into sectional jealousies. They who have most to be proud of at home, are not found to be the most narrow spirited of our citizens. I would, for my own part, that every State had its Bunker's Hill, and its Rock of Pilgrims.

You have many places in Ohio worthy of consecration.—The history of your State abounds in events that interest the imagination. It was the theatre of all those great conflicts, with but few exceptions, which broke the power of the Indians, and gave peace and security, and thereby, a stronger impulse, to Western emigration. It was the birth-place of Tecumseh, the most heroic Indian; and the grave of Logan, the most eloquent, unhappy, and renowned. The most interesting associations centre around the Muskingum. The Forty-Seven Founders of Marietta (and it is a pleasant coincidence that the first celebration of their landings should occur on the Forty-Seventh Anniversary of the event) fell upon a site distinguished by happy omens. It was here on the 'River of the Elk's Eyes' that three hundred Christian captives, torn from their homes in Virginia and Pennsylvania, before the settlements had extended West of the Mountains, were restored to the arms of their relations. It was upon this river, and on the same occasion, that the fierce and haughty tribes of the North West, who had hitherto refused to acknowledge the Anglo-Americans as any thing but *Brothers*, or men who were no more to them than equals, saluted them with the title of *Father*, expression of the degree of inferiority and dependence, which they felt themselves obliged to assume. It was upon the forks of the same stream that the first Protestant church bell was heard west of the Ohio. These circumstances, without referring to others of similar interest, though of a deeply mournful character, should distinguish the Muskingum; and the landing of the first settlers of Ohio on such a river, is doubly worthy of commemoration.

It would afford me, as one who has not forgotten the gratitude which the men of the East owe to those who drove the Indians so far from their firesides, and gave such a wonderful impulse to

the advancement of our common country, the greatest pleasure to participate, personally, in an act of honor and justice to the memory of the great Pioneers; but this I am, unfortunately, unable to do. As it appears, however, to be a part of your design, to mingle with other circumstances of celebration, literary compositions, illustrative of the objects in view, I beg to present you with an Ode, which may be considered, in some sense, connected with the spirit of the occasion. It aspires only to do honor to a venerable palmtree of uncommon height and form, which, some years since, stood rotting on the river-bank, near to Cincinnati, and has perhaps already been floated away by the current.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient humble servant,

ROBERT M. BIRD.

Messrs. A. G. GANO, A. N. RIDDLE, &C., Committee.

#### TOAST.

*Dr. Bird*—The accomplished author of the *Gladiator* and *Calavar*.

The following composition, alluded to in the letter of Dr. Bird, was then read by Robert T. Lytle.

#### ODE.

##### THE SYCAMORE.

Rude tree, now gaunt with eld,  
Storm-worn and thunder-scarred, without a spray,  
Dodder, or moss, or misletoe, to deck  
Thine antique nakedness; majestic wreck  
Of the great wilderness now past away;  
What tales of blood, of wild and woodland fray,  
Lie in thy hollows cell'd,  
Haply couldst thou but speak the scenes thou hast beheld.

A monarch in past years,  
Thy speckled boughs, though now so leafless, roll'd  
Billows of verdure in the summer gust,  
And to the swelling river swept, like dust,  
Clouds of autumnal tribute: thus of old,  
When the red Shawnee rotted in thy mould,  
The grave-yard of his peers,—  
The Dark and Bloody Ground,—the lonely land of tears.

Yes, at thy root, the roar  
Of wrath has sounded, and the death song woke;  
The tortured Huron, dying at the stake,  
Dream'd of his green paths by his surging lake;



Or captive maiden, from the hills of oak  
 And pine, blue Unikas, beneath the yoke,  
 Wept her rough play-grounds o'er,  
 Peakes, vales, and gushing springs, ne'er to be look'd on more.

And here, perhaps, when Boone  
 Stole from the dusky forest, and, at night,  
 Gazed on the sweeping river, here he kept  
 His lonely vigils pleasantly, or slept,  
 Dreaming the dream of home; and woke with fright,  
 To conjure yells of Indians on the height,  
 From the nocturnal tune  
 Of boding owl or night-hawk, flitting in the moon.

Such scenes as these hast thou  
 Look'd on, old Sycamore; but ne'er again  
 Shalt thou behold them; from the runlet bed  
 Beaver and bear, and lapping wolf are fled;  
 The bison-path is empty, and the den  
 Of the hill-roaming elk, a place for men.  
 Up to thy blasted brow  
 I look with joy and pride, and ask what see'st thou now?

Where is the Wilderness,  
 That once was wide around thee? aye, so broad,  
 That the keen vulture, o'er thee in the air,  
 Saw not its confines? Where the Indian? Where  
 The smoking cabin and the fresh-turn'd sod,  
 Wet with the blood the settler gave to God,—  
 His purchase and his cess,  
 For the Elysium lands his sons possess?

Up to thy cloud once more,  
 Keen vulture! stretch the wing, and scale the sky:  
*Where* is the wilderness? Adown the steeps  
 Eastern the flood of emigration sweeps;  
 On the North lakes a thousand squadrons ply;  
 And o'er the Western prairies, where thine eye  
 Wearies, the smoke-drifts pour—  
 Vain search! vain thought! the Wilderness was but OF YORE.

Of yore—for, sweetly seen  
 O'er the smooth tide, the rotting boughs behold  
 The magic city,—wall, and roof, and spire,  
 Blazing in sunset, and their pictured fire  
 Glass'd in the river rolling on in gold,—  
 A scene of Heaven! What say'st thou, patriarch old,  
 That view'st the latest scene,—  
 Ohio sleeping at the foot-stool of his Queen.

Enough—It is the last  
 Of all the changes; and thy ruins grim,

But ill beseem the pageant smiling near.  
Yet fall not; lift thy mouldering hatchments sere  
Still for the musing passer. Every limb,  
Plunged in the flood, shall tell its tale to him,  
Better than trumpet-blast,—  
Its legend of the Wilderness, its story of the past.

FROM JOHN P. KENEDY.

*Baltimore, March 27th, 1835.*

GENTLEMEN:—I have received the letter of the committee of invitation, for your approaching State festival of the 7th of next month. I very earnestly regret that I cannot be with you. My professional engagements leave me no time for such a journey before midsummer.

It has long been my purpose, to which I have looked forward as a source of much future pleasure, to make a visit to the West, and especially to your beautiful city. I have deferred the enterprise from summer to summer, I can scarcely tell why, unless it be from some lingering remains of a feeling which was common to my boyhood, that it was well to wait until the West grew ripe and roads grew better, and towns more populous. For we had a current prophecy then, that the West, from being the child, would become the mother of nations;—and in this boyish fancy, I have waited that I might see her as a matron. Suddenly, before I was aware, the prophecy has become truth—the West that I dreamed of, is no longer there—the wilderness is gone—the Indian is gone—and even your old boatmen have vanished. You have sent colonies still farther towards the setting sun—and the West is a thousand miles away. Ohio was then the chubby and blooming girl of the family, who grew too fast for her garments, in spite of all the tucks and drawing-strings, and broad plaits, made “to let out.” But she is now in vigorous womanhood, not following in the train of civilization and refinement—but leading it, and swaying the balance of the Union, by the weight of her moral and intellectual strength.

You have a noble country, gentlemen, and it is no small source of its happiness, that it occupies a station which draws upon it the kindest regards from all the other members of the confederacy. Your relations of friendship and interest are intimate with the North, the South, and the Centre. There is not a State in the circle, that has not reason to rejoice in the prosperity of Ohio.

As a Baltimorean, I feel myself subsisting under affinities with you, and am accustomed to bring into my familiar reckoning, the certainty of the most various and agreeable social relations with your people. My feelings in this matter are the general feelings of my townsmen. We have just resolved to level the Alleghanies, widen the Ohio, and abolish the mile stones, in the romantic, but no longer impracticable exploit of annihilating time and space. When this is achieved, gentlemen, we shall be happy to see you and your friends, on any day when you may take a fancy to rise early, with us, at dinner in Baltimore.

I heartily wish we could get this regulated by the 7th of April, but I almost fear the time is too short. I will beg you, therefore, that you will allow me so far to participate in the festival, as to offer the following sentiment:—

*The States of Ohio and Maryland*—Through fire and water they will hold together: mountains shall not sunder them.

I beg to subscribe myself, very truly yours,

JOHN P. KENEDY.

A. G. GANO, A. N. RIDDLE, &c. Committee.

#### TOAST.

*John P. Kenedy*—The author of *Swallow Barn*.

FROM JOHN M'LEAN.

*Philadelphia, March 28th, 1835.*

GENTLEMEN:—I have just received your favor of the 20th inst. informing me “that the native citizens of Ohio intend to celebrate, at Cincinnati, on the 7th of next month, the anniversary of the first settlement of the State;” and on behalf of the general Committee of Arrangements you honor me with an invitation to the festival.

It will afford me peculiar gratification, if I shall be able to reach Cincinnati by the time designated, to unite with my fellow citizens, in the proposed celebration; and I beg leave to tender to you individually, and to the general Committee of Arrangements, my thanks for the kind and friendly terms in which your invitation is given.

Although not a native of the State, I have lived within its limits since the years of my boyhood. In '97, being then but twelve years of age, I landed at Cincinnati, which, at that time, was an inconsiderable village, and with my provisions and blanket, on

my back, I traversed the wilderness of the Miami Valley, to the spot in Warren county, which I have ever since called my home.

In common with the first adventurers of this rich and fertile region, I have shared in the hardships of settling and improving a new country. But I have never looked back to this period of my life with regret. It gave me, perhaps, a better knowledge of myself, and of human nature, than I could have acquired under, what most people would consider, more favorable auspices.

I have witnessed the unparalleled growth of the State in general. From an inconsiderable village, has risen the beautiful City of Cincinnati, which is justly denominated the queen of the West. Its public edifices, its private residences, its manufacturing establishments, its commercial operations, its benevolent associations, and its institutions of literature, all afford the highest evidences of the cultivated taste, the enterprise and wealth of its increasing population.

And the valley of the Miami, how has it been changed! When I first passed over it, with the exception of a few loghuts, it was an unbroken wilderness. Now it presents to the eye of the traveller, a densely settled, and highly improved country. When in a state of nature, the luxuriance of the soil was seen by the rich, but wild growth of vegetation upon its surface. The same luxuriance is now known by the golden crops which reward the hand of industry.

Our citizens are composed of emigrants from every part of the Union, and from almost every nation in Europe, who have brought with them their various habits and modes of thinking and acting. And if these elements of our society have not become so amalgamated, as to produce a character peculiar to the State, such as is the boast of Virginia, and of many other states, we may expect from the collisions which exist, eventually, a more advanced state of society.

So generally fertile is the soil of Ohio, that it can sustain, without inconvenience, an agricultural population of eight millions of souls. Well may we then, in the infancy of a State, which is destined to become so memorable in the history of our species, celebrate the anniversary of its first settlement.

With very great respect, I am your obliged and humble serv't,

JOHN M'LEAN.

A. G. GANO, A. N. RIDDLE, &c. Committee.



## TOAST.

*John M'Lean*—A citizen of Ohio—distinguished as a faithful public officer.

FROM LEWIS CASS.

*Washington, 23d March, 1835.*

GENTLEMEN:—Your letter of the 14th inst. has just reached me, and I assure you that it would give me great pleasure, were it in my power, to attend the anniversary celebration of the first settlement of Ohio. I feel identified with you by early habits, by education, by the exertions of more mature life, and by a thousand recollections and associations. And although my official duties will not allow me to be present on this occasion, yet, in the retrospect of the past, and the promises of the future, I shall cordially unite in all the feelings that such an event is calculated to produce.

I am, gentlemen, with great regard your obedient servant,  
LEWIS CASS.

A. G. GANO, A. N. RIDDLE, &c. Committee.

## TOAST.

*Lewis Cass*—The elegant scholar, and accomplished statesman.

The following letters were announced; but the lateness of the hour to which the exercises extended, prevented them from being read at the dinner.

FROM DUNCAN McARTHUR.

*Fruit Hill, April 3d, 1835.*

GENTLEMEN:—Your letter of the 19th ultimo, inviting me to attend the celebration of the anniversary of the first settlement of Ohio, on the 7th instant, at Cincinnati, was received by due course of mail.

I much regret that the state of my health is such as to prevent my accepting the very polite invitation your letter conveys on behalf of the general Committee of Arrangements.

• For the kind and very flattering manner you speak of my public services, I pray you to receive my sincere thanks; and whilst I desire that my best wishes may be presented through you, to your associates in the ensuing celebration, and accept the kind

regards for yourselves individually, of your friend and fellow-citizen,

DUNCAN McARTHUR.

A. G. GANO, A. N. RIDDLE, &c. Committee.

TOAST.

*Governor McArthur*—A distinguished Pioneer of Ohio.

FROM JUDGE COLLETT.

*Lebanon, March 27, 1835.*

GENTLEMEN:—I have your letter of the 14th inst. inviting me in the most friendly manner, to attend at Cincinnati on the 7th April next, the celebration, by the native citizens of this State, her first settlement. By arrangements made last winter, of the circuit of the Supreme Court, I shall have to be in the Scioto country, if able, on the 7th of April next.

The persevering labor, economy and self-denial of our first settlers, ought not to be forgotten by the native born citizens, their children. They ought to be remembered, and to be followed in practice of those virtues; by them, with the blessing of God, our great prosperity, has been procured. Its continuance depends almost entirely on the native born citizens, continuing perseveringly industrious, economical and self-denying as their ancestors.

Accept, gentlemen, for yourselves, my thanks, for the very kind and obliging manner in which you have given me this invitation, and for yourselves and the native born citizens you represent, my best wishes for your prosperity.

Very respectfully yours,

JOSHUA COLLETT.

A. G. GANO, A. N. RIDDLE, &c. Committee.

FROM ETHAN A. BROWN.

*Cincinnati, March 30, 1835.*

GENTLEMEN:—I have been honored with your letter on behalf of the general Committee of Arrangements, inviting me to attend the anniversary festival of the 7th of April next, which native citizens of Ohio intend to celebrate.

I beg leave, gentlemen, to request you to present my thanks to the Committee, and accept my acknowledgments for the polite and obliging terms in which you have been pleased to con-

vey this invitation, of which a necessary attention to private affairs will prevent me from profiting.

Wishing great prosperity and honor to my native fellow-citizens, and grateful for the marks of esteem which they and their sires have bestowed upon me.

I have the honor to be, gentlemen, with friendly regard, your obedient servant,

ETHAN A. BROWN.

A. G. GANO, A. N. RIDDLE, &c. Committee.

FROM ALLEN TRIMBLE.

*Hillsborough, April 1st, 1835.*

GENTLEMEN:—I have received your letter of the 19th ultimo, informing me that it is the intention of the native citizens of Ohio, to celebrate, at Cincinnati, on the 7th inst, the anniversary of the first settlement of the State, and on behalf of the general Committee of Arrangements, inviting me to attend the festival.

I am duly sensible of the honor conferred by the invitation, for which I tender to the Committee of Arrangements, and to you gentlemen, my grateful acknowledgments.

To meet with my fellow-citizens who may be at Cincinnati on the 7th, would afford me great pleasure; but a month's confinement, and only yesterday able to leave a sick bed, compels me to decline the acceptance of your kind invitation.

If the celebration of *occurrences*, and the formation of *associations* of doubtful utility, are tolerated and sanctioned by public opinion, surely the first settlement of Ohio, an *event* that has exerted such a happy and wide spread influence on the *whole country*, should be honored and kept in perpetual remembrance, especially by the native citizens of the West.

I hope the recital, at the approaching and each succeeding celebration of the anniversary of the first settlement of Ohio, of the dangers, privations and sufferings, met and overcome by the heroic fortitude and persevering enterprise of the Pioneers of the West, may inspire the native citizens in all time to come, with a love of wisdom and virtue, for kindred and country, and point them to the acquisition of useful knowledge, and pursuit of honest labor, as the only path to permanent wealth, and enduring fame. And that in the history of the past they may find

strong incentives to form noble and virtuous purposes, and to use vigorous and untiring efforts for their accomplishment.

Then in the "advancing tide of human affairs," they will be found careering with the foremost, and gathering honors, such as are awarded by the wise and the good to the benefactors of the human race.

Most respectfully, I have the honor to be, your fellow-citizen,  
ALLEN TRIMBLE.

A. G. GANO, A. N. RIDDLE, &C. Committee.

P. S. I offer the following as the sentiment of my heart:

If the spirit of faction is ever allowed to uproot our free institutions, may liberty find a retreat among the sons of the West, and a standard be erected on *that spot*, in *your city*, sacred to freedom, (Fort Washington,) because so called in honor of the father of his country, around which they may rally, resolved to sustain her cause, or nobly die.

FROM THOMAS MORRIS.

*Bethel, March 19th, 1835.*

GENTLEMEN:—On my arrival at home, yesterday, I had the honor to receive your friendly invitation to attend the celebration of the anniversary of the first settlement of Ohio, in Cincinnati, on the 7th of April next.

Although I have borne a humble part in most of the public transactions of Ohio, for more than twenty-five years past, and have witnessed her rapidly increasing prosperity, and growing importance as a member of our Union, with the highest gratification, and still hope to cede my last mite to her welfare; yet, although having so recently returned home, after the winter's absence I would gladly dispense with your kind invitation, could I do so consistently with that sense of obligation, I feel I owe to my friends generally and to those of Cincinnati, particularly, I feel constrained if in my power to comply with your wishes, and will be with you on the day you mention.

For the very obliging manner in which you have been pleased to convey the invitation, you will be pleased to accept my thanks, and assurance of the high consideration with which I am your obedient servant,

THOMAS MORRIS.

A. G. GANO, A. N. RIDDLE, &C. Committee.



FROM WILKINS TANNEHILL.

*Louisville, March 18th, 1835.*

GENTLEMEN:—I have the honor of acknowledging the receipt of your kind invitation to attend, on the 7th April, the celebration of the forty-seventh anniversary of the landing at the mouth of the Muskingum river, for the settlement of what is now the State of Ohio.

A native, myself, of this great valley, it would afford me great pleasure to unite with you in the celebration of an event so deeply interesting, not only to the citizens of the State of Ohio, but to the whole West; but my engagements are such as compel me to decline the invitation, and forego what would be to me a source of high gratification.

Not half a century has yet elapsed, since the landing of the "Pioneer Fathers" on the shores of the Ohio; but in that brief period, what changes have been effected by the influence of her institutions, and the united efforts of industry, enterprise and intelligence! The "Wilderness," it may be truly said, has been made to "blossom as the rose," and the broad banner of civil and religious liberty, now spreads its ample folds over a land which, at the period alluded to, was a wide and uncultivated forest, and the home of the savage hunter and warrior. But little more than thirty years ago, Ohio was a dependent territory; now a free and independent State, distinguished for patriotism and intelligence—strong in population, and ample in resources, she occupies a front rank among the states of the Union. When we look at what the industry, enterprise, and public spirit of her citizens have accomplished; when we contemplate the march of literature, science and the arts; the rapid and still onward progress of improvement in every branch of human industry, what may we not anticipate will be her condition ere the lapse of another half century! And when we recall the heroic deeds of the bold Pioneers, and the perils and difficulties they encountered and overcome, the bosom of every true son of the West must swell with gratitude to that beneficent Being, who was their shield and their guide; who conducted them to peace and prosperity, and encircled their brows with wreaths of unfading glory.

Although deprived of the pleasure of being present, on so interesting an occasion, I most heartily unite with you in the pro-

posed tribute to departed worth, and in the delightful emotions and sacred recollections the celebration is calculated to inspire.

Be pleased to tender to the Committee you represent, my acknowledgments for the honor done me by the invitation thus kindly extended, and accept for yourselves, gentlemen, the assurances of respect and esteem with which I have the honor to be your obedient servant,

W. TANNEHILL.

A. G. GANO, A. N. RIDDLE, &c. Committee.

Will you offer in my name, the following toast:

*The State of Ohio*—Her rapid advance in population, and her present prosperous condition, are a striking illustration of the influence of her free institutions.

FROM JOHN JOHNSON.

*Upper Piqua, Miami County, }*  
*March 20, 1835. }*

GENTLEMEN:—I have had the pleasure of receiving your letter of the 14th inst., inviting me to attend the celebration of the first settlement of the State of Ohio, on the 7th of next month, at the city of Cincinnati. My long absence from home, having only lately returned from Columbus, bad health, and the necessity of being present on my farm, at this busy season of the year, will prevent my participating in your festivities. Nothing could give me greater heart-felt gratification, than meeting with you on an occasion of the kind, for there I should see the descendants of many of those whose persons and sacrifices in the dangers and privations incident to the settlement of a new country, surrounded as it was, by a savage enemy, were familiar to me.—In your persons gentlemen, I am happy to recognise progenitors which fall under this head.

I am not yet a very old man, not altogether sixty, and with all, I have witnessed with my own eyes, the dawn of civilization in Ohio, and what may be called the consummation of the arts, and of trade and intercourse with all nations; for within sight of my window, where I am now writing, there is some hundreds of laborers actively employed in excavating a section of the Miami Canal, which in a few years is to connect the Maumee of Lake Erie, with the Ohio river, at the city of Cincinnati.

My first expedition down the river Ohio, was in the commencement of 1793, at the age of 17, as a merchant's clerk, in

the employment of Samuel Creigh, of Carlisle, Pennsylvania, the army of Gen. Wayne being then cantoned at Hobson's choice. I well remember the overflowing of the lower bottom of the plat of the city, and Barbers, one of whom was Peter Walsh, going to in scows to shave and dress the officers of the army, and other customers. The house we occupied was somewhere near the foot of the hill, on or near what is now Main street, and the water was up to or near the top of the counter in it. It was built and owned by one Burns; Dickey, a tailor, lived in a rude cabin in the same neighborhood.

I also remember to have seen captain Jeffers, who headed the spies, bringing in with great pomp, the scalps of Indians stretched on poles, with the hair flowing, and the late Nathaniel Reeder, who was fired on by the Indians in going or returning from Columbia. After the march of the army, in the spring or summer 1793, I frequently saw captain Benham, the Pack-horse Master General, with his numerous deputies, John Sutherland, Wallen, &c. arriving and departing with hundreds of horses, loaded with provisions and other supplies for the troops at the different stations, to Greenville, inclusive. It would be too tedious to give any thing like a detail here of the murders and hair-breadth escapes of the persons connected with the public service, and the first settlers. No one at all acquainted with the facts, can ever cease to remember with gratitude, the memory of those men, who went forth with their lives in their hands, sacrificing health and life, for that rich inheritance which is now ours, for those who survived, from the nature of the service, were sure to be subject for the remainder of their lives to incurable disease. A few of these gallant spirits still linger among us; and was justice done, they should, every man of them, be supported at the public expense. It redounds much to the credit of the community in which you reside, that one of those veterans has received an employment, I might say, from the people of Hamilton county, for the public voice seemed to call for it, calculated to make the evening of his life comfortable. This distinguished pioneer of the West, I had the honor of serving under many years, when he was Governor of Indiana. A more ardent and unwavering patriot, or an honest man, never lived. The extension of our territory, and the consequent march of improvement, is greatly owing to the real ability and perseverance



of this distinguished individual, in his numerous and successful negotiations with the Indians.

After I became connected with the public service at Fort Wayne, our nearest post-office was at Cincinnati, 200 miles distant, and there all our communications had to be transmitted, and every thing addressed to us sent for; there being no intermediate population, made the people of Cincinnati our near neighbors.—Our stores, clothing, and supplies of every kind were procured there. We generally made a trip three or four times a year, always camping out going and returning, and I remember about 15 miles on this side of Cincinnati, a family resided with whom we always deposited our camping and travelling equipage, with instructions to have bread and meat prepared on our return, sufficient to take us home, and there is scarcely a spot of ground from Cincinnati to the Lake, which affords standing water in the dry seasons. But I have often spread my blanket for the night, the ground on which my dwelling house now stands, has often lodged me, many years before ever I thought of making it my home for life. There were certain places along the route as noted for reaching at night, for the purpose of camping, as tavern stands are now.

My official duties led me often to visit the frontier settlements, and chance often brought me to the humble dwellings of many of those who served in the campaigns of Harmar, St. Clair, and Wayne. They have now nearly all gone down to their graves. I know of but one at present within ten miles of my residence, and that is Mr. Levi Munsell, who was a serjeant in General Wayne's army, and afterwards kept a very respectable public house in Cincinnati. He is now in the receipt of a pension, enjoys good health, and is a very respectable citizen.

Major Ruffin was our postmaster at Cincinnati, and I acted as his agent at Fort Wayne, receiving and transmitting the amount of our postage accounts to him. He was also our agent for money matters, and procuring us from time to time, many necessities. We found him obliging and accommodating, and scrupulously honorable and honest in all our intercourse with him. A lasting and intimate friendship grew out of this state of things, which continued to the close of his life. The recollection of his virtues and sterling integrity will endure to the last moment of my existence; and I cannot close this communica-



tion better than by offering a sentiment expressive of this feeling:—

*The memory of Major William Ruffin*—one of the early pioneers of the West, who served in the brave legions of Wayne—many years a respectable citizen of Cincinnati, a man of sterling integrity, without fear, and without reproach.

Be pleased gentlemen, to present my respects to the company convened to celebrate the first settlement of our State, and accept for yourselves my best wishes for your health and happiness.

JOHN JOHNSTON.

A. N. RIDDLE, A. G. GANO, &c. Committee.

Letters were received from John J. Crittenden, of Kentucky, Lieut. Col. Wm. S. Foster, of the Army, Judge Blackford, of Indiana, J. Reily, of Hamilton, and some others.

After the letters were read, the following toasts were offered:

By the Committee of Arrangement—

*Our esteemed Fellow-Citizen*—The heroic defender of Fort Meigs, and the patriotic farmer of North Bend.

General Harrison then rose and made the following remarks:

MR. PRESIDENT—I am deeply indebted to my fellow citizens who are present, for the honor they have done me, in assigning me a place with those who have contributed to the settlement and prosperity of this favored country. I must also ask the company to accept my thanks for the manner in which the distinguished commander has been mentioned, in whose military family I had the honor to hold a highly confidential situation during the whole of his command upon the North Western frontier. On a former occasion, in this apartment, I expressed at some length my opinion of his eminent services, as well as those who preceded him in the command of the expeditions against the same enemy, who were finally subdued by his efforts. The names of all those distinguished men are recorded in the annals and histories of the times, and their memories will be cherished by each succeeding generation of their grateful countrymen.—But there is another and much more numerous class of patriots, who have experienced nothing but ingratitude and neglect from the country which they long, faithfully, and successfully served. I allude to the subordinate officers, the non-commissioned officers

and privates of the regular army, by whose patient fortitude and daring valor the War of the Revolution was brought to a close, by the victory of the Miami of the Lake, twelve years after it was virtually closed in the Atlantic States by the surrender of the British army at York, in Virginia. Will it be deemed that the war in the West, waged successively under the auspices of Harmer, St. Clair and Wayne, was not a continuation of that which established our independence? It began under the same influence which produced the battle of Lexington and Concord, and if not in 1794, when was it terminated? Were the small settlements which were commenced on the Ohio and those which had previously existed at Vincennes, and in the Illinois country ever able to extend themselves until the peace of Greenville in 1795? At what period before the victory of the Rapids of the Miami, did the River Ohio afford a safe passage to the descending emigrants? It is true that there was not open war with Great Britain after the peace of 1783. But the war was continued by the Allies whom she had called to her assistance, and over whom she exercised entire control. And for what purpose were the Western Forts which she had pledged to deliver to us, retained in her possession, but to render the operations of the Indians against us effective? The use to which they were applied will decide the question. From them the supply of arms and ammunitions, necessary to carry on the war, were obtained, and to them were taken the few prisoners which were made, and the indiscriminate mass of scalps torn from the heads, not only of warriors slain in the field, but of men, women, and children, butchered in their peaceful habitations.

Until the year 1794, the assistance furnished the Indians by the British authorities extended no further than the supplies I have mentioned. But in that year more effectual aid was given them. The fort at Detroit was found too remote from the scene of action. A strong regular fort was therefore built at the Rapids of the Miami of the Lake, sixty miles within our acknowledged limits. From this depot, not only were arms and ammunition issued to the Indians, but provisions also, without which they could not have embodied. Nor was this all. In the month of June the Indian army which marched from Fort Miamis, for the purpose of attacking that of the United States, was accompanied by a British Captain and some artillerists, furnished with

fixed ammunition, suited to the calibre of some field pieces which the Indians had taken from Gen. St. Clair, and deposited in a cask, and with the aid of which they expected to be able to reduce Fort Recovery. And in the general action of the 20th of the August following, two complete companies of Canadian militia acted as auxiliaries to the Indian forces. If these facts are true, and I aver them to be so, the soldiers who composed the armies which were engaged in the Western War until the peace of Greenville, in 1795, are as much entitled to the bounty of their country as those who had only served in the Atlantic States. There would be no difficulty in proving that the services and sufferings of the former were greater than those of the latter.

A bill has been for two sessions before the House of Representatives for their relief: but it has not been finally acted on.—Amongst other objections which have been made to its adoption, the fear has been expressed, that the number of claimants for the proposed pension would absorb all the resources of the Treasury. I have no means of ascertaining the number of the militia, who would be embraced by such a law, as it would include those who served in the South Western as well as the North Western wars. But I can assert with confidence that no such apprehension need be entertained in relation to the regular troops. A miserable remnant [in point of numbers, I mean] could only be collected of the ten thousand who must have been enlisted and brought to the Western country between the years of 1789 and '94. What, you will ask, has become of them? The same question was asked Marshal Ney on his arrival at Paris, in relation to the twelve thousand soldiers who had made the last effort to sustain the idol of their devotion on the imperial throne of France.—“Grouchy,” said the Marshal, “may have effected with his troops a safe retreat to some of the walled towns in France. And a small remnant of the broken Regiments of the Line may have been equally fortunate. In relation to the ‘Young Guards’, I can give a more distinct account. I left them all lying on the Field of Waterloo, and they lie there still.” In like manner, I can account, partly from my personal knowledge for the fate of a considerable portion of the American soldiers who followed the standard of their country under the auspices of Harmer, St. Clair and Wayne. The remains of many



might be found at the head of the Miami of the Lake; a more considerable number the victims of two destructive battles fought on the same spot and on the banks of the romantic little stream which is at the head of the large and beautiful Wabash; others in various places, which were the scenes of battles and skirmishes of lesser note, and finally at the Rapids of the Miami of the Lake, where the sacrifice of their lives was sanctified by Providence to be the price of a glorious victory. Of those of whom I am now to speak, and who constitute much the larger portion, their fate, alas! is much to be commiserated. Their fellow-soldiers had died on fields of glory, rejoicing in the service which they had rendered their country. No such consolation was allowed to them. They were cut off by diseases for which, in their situation, there was no remedy. A moment's reflection will convince any one of the superior hardships incident to a war carried on in a wilderness and a service of that kind in a settled country.

In the latter, the sick or wounded soldier can generally find the comforts of an inhabited house, or at least a barn or stable, and a bed of straw will be to him a luxury. But the warrior of the wilderness, attacked by an acute disease for which no remedy can be effectual, without the aid of shelter and warmth, must be abandoned to his fate. No doubt, by the behest of Providence many have passed through those severe trials, but in most cases with impaired constitutions, which rendered their future lives one continued scene of suffering, causing them to envy the fate of their fellow soldiers whose lives had been immediately terminated. In our service those who may have received wounds and other injuries, actually in the performance of their duties are discharged, and placed upon the pension list for life, or during the continuance of the disability. In like manner, those who have become too old for farther service, or who have been rendered unfit for it by a general disease contracted under the circumstances I have explained, are also discharged, but allowed no pension. They are indeed treated precisely as were the old worn-out pack-horses, turned out to die; or to live on the charity of the humane. There are several gentlemen now present who will recollect the numbers of this description who were every where to be met with in this country prior to the year 1797. Having generally no home to receive them, they were



seen constantly seen wandering about, from village to village, and from settlement to settlement, some to seek employment, but the greater part without an object but to obtain the means of a temporary oblivion of their cares. The traveller who would see a man lying in the high-way in utter destitution of every necessary of life, might be certain that he had been a follower of Wayne, St. Clair, and Harmar, and probably of Washington. The story of his misfortunes would soon be told. He had engaged in the service when all his energies were in full bloom, and continued to serve until age or disease had rendered him incapable of the performance of the arduous duties of a soldier; and 'to infant weakness sunk the warrior's arm.' He was dismissed, but whether to live or die, appears to have been a matter of the most perfect indifference to the country which he had so long, so faithfully, and successfully served. What a contrast does the fate of these devoted soldiers of a Republic, present to those who have served under like circumstances in the armies of the monarchs of Europe. In the Hospital of Invalids at Paris—a superb building, with gardens and pleasure grounds and all the accompaniments of a palace—the surviving veterans, who fought for the glory of Napoleon in the fields of Jena, of Wagram, of Austerlitz, Elau, and Moscow, enjoy all the comforts which their infirmities require, and all the respect which a sense of their services inspires. Similar, also, is the situation of the gallant tars and soldiers of England, who are the in and out pensioners of that noble establishment, Chelsea, and who wasted their energies or lost their limbs in gaining victories for their country under Jarvis and Nelson, Abercrombie and Wellington. From the causes of destruction to the lives of the soldiers who were engaged in the Western Wars, previously to the peace of 1795, which I have enumerated, I am satisfied that if all who remain were collected together, it would be found a wretched remnant, which would be in no danger of exhausting the Treasury, by being placed on the pension list. Of the one hundred and fifty-nine commissioned officers who were in service at that time, I know of but ten or eleven who survive.

But the ingratitude of the country is not confined to the surviving war-worn soldier. The families of those who perished on the field of battle have also been shamefully neglected. At the close of the last war, there was indeed a temporary provis-

ion made for them, but when it ceased they were left in a worse situation than they had been before it commenced. But of the many instances of suffering to families, which came to my knowledge, from the loss of those who provided for their support, I will mention one only. A lady whose husband had fallen gloriously (I would perhaps be not wrong in saying more gloriously than any other of the late war of the West,) finding her pension about to cease, and herself encumbered with a large family whom she was unable to support, was urged by her friends to accept the hand of a gentleman who proposed it, and who was able to support them. The idea of a second marriage was abhorrent to her feelings. All her affections had been buried in the pit in which had been deposited (in common with his fellow-soldiers who had fallen by his side) the remains of the hero to whom her virgin vows had been given. The importunity of her friends at length prevailed—she was again led reluctantly to the altar. But this sacrifice, usually the harbinger of joy, was to her the source of the most bitter anguish. The idea of a broken vow constantly haunted her imagination, and rendered abortive every effort to soothe and control her. The conflict between duty to the second, and fidelity to the first husband, was more than her mind could bear. Her senses left her, and for months

“She remained a wreck, at random driven,  
Without one glimpse of reason or of heaven.”

If what I have stated be correct, there must be something wrong and unjust in our institutions. And, as I believe, not more unjust and wrong than impolitic. No more fatal idea can be entertained, than, that our Republic is to be preserved, either by the wealth of our citizens or the amount of the revenue of the Government. The brightest eras of the Republics which have existed, were those, when honorable poverty prevailed, and when patriotism was best rewarded. The best and wisest of the Athenians admitted that this was the operative cause which produced that extraordinary devotion to their country on the part of the citizens, which has never been surpassed and rarely equalled. Each “*man*” of Athens believed that in defending the institutions of his country, he was preserving the best and noblest works of his species; that which produced the greatest sum of human happiness. That the benefits of those institutions were

not only enjoyed by him whilst living, but should he devote his life to preserve them, reward would follow him even beyond the grave. No matter how humble might have been his rank, if he had fallen for his country, by that country his memory would be cherished; and the most distinguished and eloquent citizen of the Republic would be assigned the gratifying duty of pronouncing his eulogium in a full assembly of his fellow-citizens. His name would be repeated in the chorusses of the virgins, at the annual festivals, and engraved on columns of brass and marble. But, above all, his children, the objects of his tenderest affection, would derive advantage from his death, since by the provisions of a law which was kept in full force in all the vicissitudes of misfortune, they were to become the children of their country. Adopted, raised, and educated at her expense. Where was to be found the Athenian who would not have perilled his life for the preservation of institutions like these? If the wisest of their statesmen are to be credited, the law to which I have particularly referred was the source of Athenian greatness, and constituted her surest and *cheapest* defence. Cheapest because, by making any citizen a hero, it enabled her with armies and fleets, insignificant in point of numbers, to triumph over the innumerable hosts of her enemies. There can be no stronger contrast than that which is presented by the treatment of Athenian and American soldiers, (I refer to the subordinate officers and privates, exclusively.) Who is there, for instance, of the many thousands who distinguished themselves, of those grades, in the war of the Revolution, with the exception of the gallant Jarvis, whose names have been preserved in the histories of the times? Where are the children of those who have fallen for liberty—that have been educated at the expense of a grateful country? And where, in fine, are the institutions which instil into the minds of the youth, the principle of love to their country, as the paramount obligation? We have it from the high authority of a late President of the United States, that “knowledge is power.” It will not be disputed. But it is equally certain that it may exist, and even abound where liberty is not. But I perceive that I am about to consume more of your time, than is my proper share. I will therefore conclude by offering you a sentiment, which is in accordance with the principles I have endeavored to illustrate.



*Republics*—Their safety and prosperity depend, not upon the wealth of their treasuries, nor upon the number of bayonets they can enrol in their defence, but upon the enthusiastic attachment of their citizens to their institutions and laws, and their confidence in the integrity of their rulers.

The following toast was announced by Robert T. Lytle, from the Committee of Arrangements.

*Our distinguished Guest*—The Hon. Thomas Ewing—the builder of his own proud fortunes—may Ohio have many such sons.

Mr. Ewing rose and said;

MR. PRESIDENT AND FELLOW-CITIZENS:—I return you my thanks for the kindness and courtesy which have been extended to me, while attending to join in the festivities of this day. I have witnessed, and I have joined in those festivities with the most heartfelt satisfaction. Though I cannot, like most of you, boast of Ohio as my birth-place, yet I am a son of the West: I claim as the place of my nativity, a spot near the banks of our beautiful river, and within a few miles of the borders of your State. It is now forty-three years since my parents brought me, an infant, within the territory which now forms Ohio. This has ever since been my home, and all the recollections of early life, and all the associations which bind us to our native land, I retain and cherish towards her. These are my claims to the appellation of an Ohioan, and to the gratification which I have this day enjoyed of joining with you, the native sons of Ohio, in celebrating this day.

I will not consume your time by dwelling at length upon any of the topics to which this occasion gives rise—a sense of what is due to your many distinguished guests, whom I see around this board, admonish me to be brief. I will but slightly touch upon some circumstances peculiar to the planting of our colony, and the subsequent growth and developement of our community. Ours is a nation of emigrants, unmixed with the original inhabitants of the soil. In past ages, emigration did not, it would seem, essentially affect the state of society among the migrating people. When civil commotions distracted a state, the party overpowered would retire in a body, by sea or land, and settle in a new spot, thus transferring but a scion of their ancient community to rise and flourish there. This was especially the case on the borders and the islands of the Mediteranean Sea. But others, as for example the northern nations, having increased in



numbers so as to exhaust the means of subsistence in their own country, embodied themselves, and pressed southward upon neighboring nations, expelling them and occupying their places.

But America was colonized on principles widely different from them. Our pilgrim fathers left their native land—not driven by want, nor expelled by civil strife: but fugitives from religious thralldom. The contests which distinguished England at that day, arose out of religious opinions and religious observances; and it was to enjoy their opinions and worship in peace, even in a remote corner of the globe, that those firm and fearless men, encountered all the perils and privations attendant on the settlement of a forbidding coast, in an inhospitable clime. On the other hand, it was a spirit of adventure, not of enthusiasm, or discontent, that peopled the more inviting shores of Virginia. In those emigrations, the elements of society were separated; the opinions and feelings that divided the parent nation, regulated themselves into the two separate colonies, and each of those colonies retained and transmitted for successive generations, much of the distinctive character of the several sects to which each owed its origin.

From the time of planting the first colony on the shores of New England, there was little that could be called migration from among them, until the close of the Revolutionary War. Settlements, it is true, were constantly extended into the interior; but no large masses of population broke off, and ranged far to form new settlements. And no great natural barriers were passed which severed the emigrants from their former homes. This first took place in the settlement of Ohio, by our Pioneer fathers, the forty-seventh anniversary of whose landing we this day celebrate. The descendants of our pilgrim fathers, who occupied New England, and the descendants of those who settled Virginia, separated as they had been, for a long series of years, first met and mingled in Ohio, and are again one people. Thus was the foundation of this community laid, by the enterprising sons of those adventurous fathers, who a century and a half before, had separated themselves from their transatlantic homes, and founded this great republic in the midst of the wilderness.

It has been objected to us as Americans, that we are a recent people, and have no history—that we are the growth of but two centuries, and within that brief space is comprised every thing

that can connect us, of the present generation, in pride and feeling, with all that is brilliant in the past. But we know and feel this is not true of us as a people. Up to the day of their emigration our fathers were Britons, and all that belongs to the British man prior to that day, whether in literature, arts, or arms, was achieved by our common ancestors, and forms a part also, of our national property. And since that day we ask no fairer national fame, than that which has been bequeathed to us by our American fathers. Ohio, it is true, is not one of the *thirteen* who achieved the independence of our country, and her name is not recorded in *that*, the brightest *part* of American history. But the glory of that struggle is also hers, for her founders, the pioneer fathers of the land, were of those who fought the battles and gained the victories of the Revolution—and the fame of each field in which *they* fought, though within the limits of a sister State—is it not ours as fully as if *they* had remained and we had been born and reared upon the spot? Surely so. And they left their then peaceful homes, but to encounter toils and dangers anew. The war still lowered in the West, and it had assumed even a more terrific form. Few of the present age can appreciate all that those adventurous men, who first planted themselves in this lovely land were required to encounter and overcome. I cannot stop to dwell upon these things—but they reached this land of promise amidst difficulty and toil, and they held it amid danger and privations. Shut up in their little garrisons, surrounded by a brave and insidious foe, and army after army, which were sent out to their assistance, fell on the field of battle, and found their graves in the wilderness. And the storm of war which burst upon that infant community was not assuaged until the gallant Wayne led his brave legion to victory on the Miami of the Lake, and compelled the red man to sue in sincerity for peace.

Though it was in my early infancy, I remember well the joy which the news of that victory brought to the hearts of our frontier settlers, shut up as they were, and often beleagured in their little fortresses. I remember also, the peace which soon followed, and which let loose from the garrisons, a troop of children, joyful as birds loosed from their cage. Then it was that the hands of the husbandman laid aside the rifle and grasped the plough, and plenty followed peace. Then too, the flood tide of

emigration poured in upon our favored land, and in the forty years which have elapsed since that peace, Ohio has risen to her present greatness, from the feeble germ which was then almost withering in her soil. I offer, Mr. President, as a toast,

The memory of General Anthony Wayne, and the gallant officers and brave soldiers whose valor opened the fair regions of the West, to the enterprise of civilized man.

Morgan Neville, Esq. being called upon for a sentiment, said:

MR. PRESIDENT:—I thank my young friends for the distinction they have conferred upon me, by their invitation to participate with them on the present interesting occasion. Born upon the banks of our own beautiful river, amidst dangers and privations, which the rising generation can scarcely appreciate, I may fairly claim to be the senior member of the society of Buckeyes. The gratification I feel at this celebration, not more distinguished by patriotic feeling, than by a pure and classic taste, may be estimated when the present scene is contrasted with those of the early settlement of the country. In retrospect, however, to the life of that day, I cannot forbear casting one lingering look of melancholy pleasure upon the enjoyments of boyhood;—individual happiness has not advanced with public prosperity: It is only in a new country, that social society can exist in its purity; that hospitality flourishes free from ceremony, untainted by selfishness. There is little trade and no commerce. The fertile soil pours forth her treasures for domestic consumption, and the spirit of chaffering does not come over us. In early days, every house was open to the stranger, whose visit was hailed as a favor conferred upon the owner. The amusements were simple, but they produced the effect intended; ostentation had not shed her blight upon the land, and cold form had not substituted *ennui* for enjoyment. Yes sir, individually we were happy; that is happy, according to my backwoods rule of estimation. My young friends may think my views are the result of early impressions; it is said that he who has passed his boyhood amidst savage life, ever after retains a fondness for it. I may be somewhat influenced by such considerations; but certain it is, when I look at our present state of society, I often sympathize in the feelings of the old Sagamore, as he scornfully retreated before the triumphant march of wealth and civilization.

Sir, I did not rise to make a speech, but I have been seduced



out of my usual path by the rushing of other days upon my memory. As a Buckeye, I have been charmed with the high-toned spirit which has distinguished the sentiments offered during this festivity. It is not good taste in individuals to indulge in boasting; but a nation is allowed to assume an elevated tone. It was a permitted vaunt to assert, during the palmy days of Rome, "I am a Roman." This feeling made the descendants of Romulus, the glory and envy of the known world. May my young friends, with better feelings, and juster motives, say "We are Buckeyes." But sir, while we cherish these feelings of self complacency; whilst revelling in visions of future greatness, and speculating on the brilliant destinies of the "far west," let us not arrogate too much to ourselves; let us not forget the large aid which we have received from the contributions of others. I have risen to offer a sentiment: before doing so, I, as an old Buckeye, claim to be indulged in another slight reminiscence, "germane" to the subject. I remember, sir, when the whole commerce of our now magnificent rivers, was confined to a few small Indian canoes; the whole of this commerce consisted of a small quantity of bear's oil, compressed into a few deer skins. I have beheld the change, gradual at first, but increasing in momentum, as it approached the great final consummation, from the canoe to the perogue, and from the perogue through the chrysalis stages of keel boat, and barge, to the full blown and magnificent steam-boat. The moment the first of these stupendous machines reached Cincinnati from New-Orleans, the destinies of our valley was sealed. The art of printing scarcely produced a greater revolution upon the moral and physical world, than has the application of steam. Sir, we owe a debt of gratitude, never to be paid, to the bold and daring spirits who sought out this Western Eden for us, and planted the vine and the rose for posterity. But a debt scarcely inferior, is due to that man whose genius has prevented the rich fruits of our valley from being lavished in vain. The steam-boat in ten years has produced that result, which centuries of struggle in the ordinary mode would have labored for in vain. It has brought the Valley of the Mississippi into the notice of the civilized world. The long neglected Buckeye has assumed his proper rank among his countrymen. Wealth with her accompaniments of education and science has flown in among us, and a polished and refined emi-



gration, have cast their lot with us. On such an occasion, let us never forget that individual, to whom, next to the early Pioneers, we owe a debt of lasting gratitude.

I give you, sir,

*The memory of Robert Fulton.*

By Dr. Drake. *The memory of the hero of the Cowpens—*  
General Daniel Morgan.

The following toast was offered by the Committee of Arrangements:

*The State of New-York*—Great in enterprise, vast in resources, and rich in intellect.

Charles King, Esq. of the City of New-York, who was present as an invited guest, responded in a few brief and animated remarks, of which the following is a report:

Mr. Charles King in rising to return thanks, said he could not, as a son of New-York, refrain from expressing his gratification, at witnessing the warmth of feeling with which his native State had been toasted. Landed not two hours since, for the first time in this city, and called hither by a visit of affection to a brother, who had found it a home—a home which the kindness of its citizens had made one of happiness and distinction to him, Mr. K. said he was wholly unprepared for the scene of which he was the gratified witness, and for any adequate expression of the sentiments it excited in his bosom. He must therefore rely on the indulgence of those who heard him, for the few short remarks he was about to offer.

It was, he confessed, with pride and with pleasure, that he had heard the State of New-York so gloriously toasted in Ohio, for there was, in common between these two States, much that should bind them closely to each other—much in their kindred origin—much in the enterprise, industry, and intelligence which distinguishes their inhabitants, and in the great and mutual interests, which a noble emulation in magnificent works of internal improvement had created. New York would be grateful for being remembered, and on such an occasion, in Ohio. Who indeed—looking at the two States, at their geographical position, their common aims, their natural connection and acquired sympathies—but must feel the mutual respect and regard, and the closest union of feeling and interest, should, as Mr. K. was happy in believing they did, link them indissolubly together? All

that New York had done in the cause of internal improvement, Ohio had successfully emulated—if, speaking with reference to the relative population and means of the two States, she had not already surpassed it. Nor was it in promoting the physical advantage of the State, in causing its wilderness to blossom, and laying bare the treasures of its most secluded regions to the access of roads and canals, that Ohio had contented herself with entering into friendly rivalry of doing good, with New York, but, as had been well commemorated in one of the toasts—she has taken care, by making education go hand in hand with the spread of improvement, and the progress of public works, to raise up an intelligent, a moral, an instructed population. One thirty-sixth part of the soil of Ohio was pledged to the purpose of popular education! When, before our day and this example, could such a fact be stated and not contradicted? Here then were points of resemblance between the two States, which did, indeed, closely identify them as laboring in a common cause for the common benefit; and when to these is added, the interchange between the commerce of New York and the agriculture of Ohio, so advantageous to both, so rapidly increasing, and so essentially promoted by the liberal policy of each, it was alike gratifying and just to assume, that these two States, in mutual affection and respect, are as one.

We hear much on the sea-board, continued Mr. K., and we think and talk much of the glorious Valley of the Mississippi, but not very many of us know by personal examination, how vastly glorious that valley is. It was only now for the first time, that he (Mr. K.) had crossed the mountains and found himself floating on the great waters that flow to the Gulf of Mexico, and he could not but feel that, that American heart must indeed be cold, which did not swell with exultation, as borne on the bosom of “the beautiful river,” lands after lands of surpassing beauty, of boundless extent, and inexhaustible fertility, were unfolded to view. “Men and nations” have already occupied these lands, so lately snatched from primeval solitude, and that these lands and these men were part and parcel of “his own, his native land.” Who shall say that such emotions are not praiseworthy, or that the anticipations they give rise to, are either ill-founded or impolitic? It has indeed been made matter of reproach against us, that we are prone to live in the future, and to take

credit for the time to come, for glories we cannot find in the present or the past. But who that thinks or reasons justly, would sanction this reproach? Who reprehends the confident and joyous anticipations of vigorous and enlightened youth? Who deems it peculiar or presumptuous, that the spring-time of life should exult in the hope of fame and power in maturer years? To such, if such there be, we leave the unenvied pleasure of seeking consolation for present degeneracy, in recollections of past grandeur, whilst we, albeit, not without glorious, though recent annals, will continue to look forward with hope and pride, to a greater future.

Mr. K. said he would willingly, if the gift of eloquence were his, as most assuredly it was not, expatiate on some of the topics which the celebration of this day, so forcibly suggested. Yet, it might, perhaps, well be doubted, if even eloquence would not be mute, in presence of the great fact, of such an assemblage as he then beheld around him, met to celebrate the birth of a community not yet forty-seven years old—in presence of the magnificent prospect, offered from their windows, of a shore then covered with forests, now thronged with a busy people, with extensive factories, with beautiful villas,—of the noble river beneath our feet, across which then shot, at rare intervals, the bark canoe of the painted savage, now bearing on its bosom fleets of floating palaces, propelled by steam—a power, the application of which, would almost seem to have been reserved for the period when it would be needed by the great river of the West:—and finally, in the presence, and in the midst of a great city, abounding in the arts, the elegance, and the refinement of long civilization, standing on the spot, where in 1782, a single log fort alone marked that the white man's foot had trod this wilderness.

No power of language, at least none that he possessed, could, said Mr. K., add ought to facts like these; he would therefore, conclude with asking permission to offer as a toast—

*The State of Ohio*—Like the calm but mighty river that bounds her territory—her course is onward.

By a Guest. *The memory of General Washington*—Whose first battle was fought west of the mountains.

By a Guest. *The memory of the members of the Convention that formed the constitution of the State of Ohio, now the fourth state in the Union.*

*The memory of John C. Symmes*—The founder of the Miami settlement.

By T. Jones. *The State of Ohio*—The home of democracy—her moral and physical power will advance with equal step.

By James Hall. *Simon Kenton*—The first Pioneer captured within the territory of Ohio, whose name has been preserved.

By Samuel J. Browne. *The City of Cincinnati*—The Queen of the West.—The Buckeyes rejoice in her beauty and advancement, while distant lands hear of, and wonder at, a city springing up where so lately, and within the memory of some here, the forest stood in its native glory.

## SONG.

WRITTEN FOR THE OCCASION.

A Fairy once sat near a favorite tree,  
Which a tempest had dash'd to the ground,  
And sighed all its beautiful blossoms to see  
So wantonly scatter'd around.  
"I'll avenge thee, my Buckeye," she sighingly said,  
As she sail'd on its leaf o'er the river,  
And, raising her wand o'er the place which she left,—  
She bless'd it forever and ever.

A city now stands, where the Fairy once sat,  
And around where the blossoms were strewn,  
Are other bright "Buckeyes" extending—for far  
Was the Fairy-like influence thrown.  
Then pledge we the wine cup—fill it full to the brim,  
To exclude ev'ry thought that may sever  
The heart and the tongue—as we hallow the toast—  
"Success to the Buckeyes forever."

By Wm. M. Corry. *The State of Ohio*—Her soil and people are not, cannot be antipodes; an exhaustless generosity will distinguish both.

*The sons of the Pioneers*—May they not want the enterprise and energy by which their sires, not only braved the dangers, and conquered the difficulties of settling a wilderness, but were enabled to convert those dangers and difficulties into sources of pleasurable amusement.

By Judge Wright. *John M. Creed*—The first native citizen of Ohio, that has filled the Chair of the House of her General Assembly—his merits equal those of his exotic predecessors.

By John M. Creed. *The Pioneers of the West, now no more*—Their daring and perseverance have given to us a home: their



virtues have here established a government, based upon the immutable principles of right and justice: their bodies are buried in peace, but their name liveth evermore.

## SONG.

WRITTEN AND SUNG BY DENNIS M'HENRY.

Ye Buckeyes all both great and small,  
Pray listen to my story,  
That I'm about to tell you now,  
While seated in our glory,  
Some fifty years ago or less,  
A band who ne'er were *daunted*,  
Came down the river in their skiffs  
And here the Buckeye planted.

CHORUS.

Then let's surround the Buckeye tree,  
The emblem that we cherish,  
Of all that in the forest grows,  
It is the last to perish.

These Pioneers were men of worth,  
From all parts of the nation,  
And worth alone did difference make,  
In each allotted station,  
They fought the savage during day—  
At night their huts erected,  
And by old Dame Necessity  
Their genius was directed.

CHORUS—Then let's, &c.

They were a hardy free born race—  
And not to love, a stranger—  
Would kiss and court, and then go forth  
In face of every danger,  
They married then, as we do now,  
'Bout this there are no may be's,  
And had, as two-thirds here are proof,  
Their glorious lots of babies.

CHORUS—Then let's, &c.

Those youths have now to manhood grown,  
Their parents pride and glory—  
And we adopted sons are pleased,  
To hear their grateful story—  
I recollect of hearing once,  
Perhaps it is a fable,  
*A man's a man and not a horse,*  
*Though he's born in a stable.*

CHORUS—Then let's, &c.

While smiling peace patrols the land  
The Buckeye tree we'll cherish—

If war should come, beneath its shade  
 We'll nobly fight or perish—  
 Then send around the mantling wine,  
 Fill up the friendly glasses—  
 Be this our toast—"The Buckeye tree  
 And Buckeye lads and lasses."

CHORUS—Then let's, &c.

By P. S. Symmes. *The Press*—The only lever that can move the world. While it partakes the power, it should emulate the purity, of the mountain torrent.

By Samuel Findlay. *Nathan Dane*—Whose mighty intellect like the sun of Heaven, dawned upon the west, and driving before it the darkness of barbarism, illuminated it with the light of civilization, of science and the arts.

By the Committee of Arrangement. *Our esteemed guest, Gen. James Findlay*—The fearless patriot—the poor man's friend.

By the Committee of Arrangement. *The State of Kentucky*—The land of ardent feeling and heroic enterprise.

This toast was drank amidst loud and continued acclamation, after which Mann Butler, Esq. of Louisville, the historian of our sister State, rose, and in a few neat and feeling remarks, responded to the compliment paid his State.

By Dr. Drake. *The Pioneers of the Western Reserve*—Orderly, enterprizing and intrepid sons of Connecticut.

*Morgan Neville*—The correct scholar and accomplished gentleman.

By R. C. Schenck, accompanying his regrets to his fellow committeemen, for not being able to attend.

Ohio—"My native land of Groves! a bright new page,  
 "In the great record of the world is thine:  
 "Shall it be fairer? Fear and friendly Hope,  
 "And Envy watch the issue, while the lines  
 "By which thou wilt be judged, are written down."

By Charles D. Drake. *The State of Missouri*—The youngest member of our great confederacy. While her prolific soil yields bullets for her unerring marksmen—she will be hailed as the genuine offspring of a glorious parentage.

By T. H. Yeatman. *The Hon. R. T. Lytle*—The worthy son of an early Pioneer.

By a native of the Miami Valley. "*Buckeyes*"—The appellation which we have assumed; it will be a name of opprobrium,

or of honorable distinction, *just as we shall make it*. Let every native of Ohio bear constantly in mind, that his conduct and performances are to contribute to national reputation, as well as to individual character.

Mr. B. Drake being called upon for a sentiment, rose and said:—

Sometime since, Mr. President, a lady of the Pilgrim land, whose name is not unknown to fame, wrote to her correspondent in this city, for a drawing of the leaf and flower of our emblem Buckeye tree. A circumstance so indicative of good taste, and laudable curiosity, led to her being informed a few weeks since of the proposed celebration of the first landing of the emigrants in Ohio; and, as a consequence, has placed in my hands a little poetic offering for the Intellectual part of this festival.—It is entitled “The Emigrants from the Granite Hills”, and bears upon it the impress of her graceful pen. Being more beautifully appropriate to this hour, Mr. President, than any thing which I could say, with your permission, sir, I will read it:

#### THE EMIGRANTS FROM THE GRANITE HILLS.

BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

O, why do they go, as a lost roving planet—  
A bright group of souls to a region afar;  
As sparks stricken out from their own hills of granite,  
Combined but to make up a wandering star?

“To find them a home where the wild deer is leaping  
O’er the turf that the white man has never yet trod—  
Where, free and unstartled, the foxes are sweeping  
The flower from grass, and the dew from the sod!”

But what shall they do, when the heavy rains, falling,  
Shall stream from the boughs o’er their shelterless heads—  
When, through the dark forest, the night winds are raving,  
And near them the bear or the Indian treads?

“While echo to echo is merrily telling  
The blows, the tall trees, in their pride, cannot stand,  
They’ll smite their firm trunks, till they turn to a dwelling;  
To lodge the bold bosom that’s nerving the hand!”

And what, for a seed-time and harvest to tame it,  
At first, will they do with the wild fallow ground;  
While still, as the land of his fathers, to claim it,  
The savage is gloomily stalking around?

"A price they will offer, and prompt to bestow it,  
To share with the red man the soil for its worth,  
But, then, they're men! and they'll soon let him know it,  
If yet he denies them a portion of earth!"

And how will they do by their sons and their daughters,  
Who hear how their boats glided o'er the blue streams,  
And touched the wild shore of the soft curling waters,  
While all seems to them as the things of a dream?

"They'll leave them a beautiful Eden! and CLIO  
Delighted to roam o'er a region so fair,  
Will awaken her lute to the land of OHIO,  
And show the green BUCKEYE leaf decking her hair."

Mr. President, I offer you the following sentiment:

*The Female Poets of the Granite Hills*—The land of the Buckeye is everywhere redolent of their beautiful minstrelsy.

The following letter from Mr. Sparks, together with the copies of letters which follow, were received after the day of celebration.

FROM JARED SPARKS.

*Cambridge, Mass., March 30th, 1835.*

GENTLEMEN:—I have had the honor to receive your favor of the 12th instant, inviting me, in behalf of the Committee of Arrangements, to attend a celebration of the Forty-Seventh Anniversary of the first settlement of the State of Ohio. I regret that my engagements are such as forbid me to undertake so long a journey, and as must deny me the high gratification I should feel at being present on an occasion so interesting and important.

The day on which the "Pioneer fathers of Ohio" landed and commenced the work of civilization in the great wilderness of the North West, is among the most memorable on record. If the importance of an event be estimated by the results to which it has led, this must be regarded as altogether without a parallel in history. Well may it be commemorated as such, not more by the sons of Ohio than by every American whose heart swells with an honorable pride at the growing strength and prosperity of his country, and who, with an unwavering confidence in the stability of its institutions, cherishes the anticipation of its rising greatness and glory.



Be assured, gentlemen, that it would give me peculiar pleasure to join you and your associates in a celebration suited to call up so many pleasing associations with the past, and to kindle such animating hopes for the future; and that I am, with great respect, your most obedient servant,

JARED SPARKS.

MESSRS. A. G. GANO, A. N. RIDDLE, &c., Committee.

*Newburgh, June 17th, 1783.*

TO THE PRESIDENT OF CONGRESS:

SIR:—I have the honor of transmitting to your Excellency for the consideration of Congress, a petition from a large number of officers of the army, in behalf of themselves, and of such other officers and soldiers of the Continental Army, as are entitled to rewards in lands, and may choose to avail themselves of any privileges and grants, which shall be obtained in consequence of the present solicitation. I enclose also, a letter from Br. General Putnam, in which the sentiments and expectations of the petitioners are more fully explained, and in which the ideas of occupying the posts in the western country, will be found to correspond very nearly with those I have some time since communicated to a committee of Congress, in treating on the subject of a peace establishment. I will beg leave to make a few more observations on the general benefits of the location and settlement now proposed, and then submit the justice and policy of the measure to the wisdom of Congress.

Although I pretend not myself to determine, how far the district of unsettled country, which is described in the petition, is free from the claim of any State, or how far this disposal of it may interfere with the views of Congress, yet it appears to me that this is the tract, which, from its local position and peculiar advantages, ought to be the first settled, in preference to any other whatever, and I am perfectly convinced that it cannot be settled so advantageously by any other class of men, as by the disbanded officers and soldiers of the army, to whom the faith of government has long ago been pledged, that lands should be granted at the expiration of the war, in certain proportions, agreeably to their respective grades.

I am induced to give my sentiments thus freely on the advantages to be expected from this plan of colonization, because it

would connect our government with the frontiers, extend our settlement progressively, and plant a brave, a hardy, and respectable race of people, as our advanced post, who would always be ready and willing, in case of hostility, to combat the savages and check their incursions. A settlement founded by such men, would give security to our frontiers; the very name of it would awe the Indians, and more than probably prevent the murder of many innocent families, which frequently, in their usual mode of extending our settlements and encroachments on the hunting grounds of the natives, fall the hapless victims of savage barbarity. Besides the emoluments which might be derived from the paltry trade of our factories, if such should be established, the appearance of so formidable a settlement in the vicinity of their towns, to say nothing of the barrier it would form against our neighbors, would be the most likely means to enable us to purchase, upon equitable terms, of the Aborigines their right of preoccupancy; and to induce them to relinquish our territories, and to remove into the illimitable regions of the West.

Much more might be said of the public utility of such a location, as well as the private felicity it would afford to the individuals concerned in it. I will venture to say, it is the most rational and practicable scheme, which can be adopted by a great proportion of the officers and soldiers of our army, and promises them more happiness than they can expect in any other way. The settlers being in the prime of life, inured to hardships and taught by experience to accommodate themselves in every situation, going in a considerable body and under the patronage of government, would enjoy in the first instance, advantages in procuring subsistence, and all the necessaries for a comfortable beginning, superior to any common class of emigrants, and quite unknown to those, who have heretofore extended themselves beyond the Apalachian mountains. After a little perseverance, they may expect competence, and independence for themselves, a pleasant retreat in old age, and the fairest prospects for their children. I have the honor to be, &c.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

*New Windsor, June 16th, 1783.*

TO GENERAL WASHINGTON.

SIR:—As it is very uncertain how long it may be before the honorable Congress may take the petition of the officers of the

army, for lands between the Ohio river, and Lake Erie, into consideration, or be in a situation to decide thereon; the going to Philadelphia to negotiate the business with any of its members, or committee to whom the petition may be referred, is a measure none of the petitioners will think of undertaking. The part which I have taken in promoting the petition is well known and needs no apology, when I inform you, that the signers expect that I will pursue measures to have it laid before Congress; under these circumstances, I beg leave to put the petition into your Excellency's hands, and ask with the greatest assurance, your patronage of it; that Congress may not be wholly unacquainted with the motives of the petitioners, I beg your indulgence while I make a few observations on the policy and propriety of granting the prayer of it, and making such arrangements of garrisons in the Western quarter, as shall give effectual protection to the settlers and encourage emigration to the new government;—which, if they meet your approbation, and the favor not too great, I must request your Excellency will give them your support, and cause them to be forwarded, with the petition, to the president of Congress, in order that when the petition is taken up, Congress, or their Committee, may be informed on what principles the petition will be founded.

I am, sir, among those who consider the *cession* of so great a tract of territory to the United States, in the western world, as a very happy circumstance, and of great consequence to the American empire. Nor have I the least doubt but Congress will pay an early attention to securing the allegiance of the natives, as well as provide for the defence of that country, in case of a war with Great Britain or Spain.

One great means of securing the allegiance of the natives, I take to be the furnishing them with such necessaries as they shall stand in need of, and in exchange, receiving their furs and skins. They are become so accustomed to the use of fire arms, that I doubt if they could obtain a subsistence without them, at least they will be very sorry to be reduced to the disagreeable necessity of using the bow and arrow, as the only means for killing their game; and so habituated are they to the woollen blanket, &c. &c., that an absolute necessity *alone*, will prevent their making use of them.

This consideration alone is, I think, sufficient to prove the ne-

cessity of establishing such factories as may furnish an ample supply to these wretched creatures: for, unless they are furnished by the subjects of the United States, they will undoubtedly seek elsewhere, and like all other people, form their attachment where they have their commerce, and then in case of a war, will always be certain to aid our enemies; therefore, if there were no advantages in view but that of attaching them to our interest, I think good policy will dictate the measure of carrying on a commerce with the people; but when we add to this the consideration of the profit arising from the Indian trade in general, there cannot, I presume be a doubt, that it is the interest of the United States to make as early provision, for the encouragement and protection of it, as possible. For these, and many other obvious reasons, Congress will no doubt find it necessary to establish garrisons at Oswego, Detroit, Niagara, Michillimackinac, Illinois, and many other places in the western world.

The Illinois, and all the posts that shall be established on the Mississippi, may undoubtedly be furnished by way of the Ohio with provisions, at all times, and with goods, whenever a war shall interrupt the trade with New-Orleans. But in case of a war with Great Britain, unless a communication is opened between the river Ohio and Lake Erie, Niagara, Detroit, and all the posts seated on the great Lakes, will inevitably be lost without such communication; for a naval superiority on Lake Ontario, or the seizing on Niagara, will subject the whole country bordering on the Lakes, to the will of the enemy. Such a misfortune will put it out of the power of the United States to furnish the natives, and necessity will again oblige them to take an active part against us.

Where and how this communication is to be opened, shall be next considered. If Captain Hutchins, and a number of other map makers are not out in their calculation, provisions may be sent from the settlements on the south side of the Ohio, by the Muskingum, or Scioto, to Detroit, or even to Niagara, at a less expense than from Albany, by the Mohawk, to those places; to secure such communication, (by the Scioto, all circumstances considered, will be the best,) let a chain of posts be established; these Forts should be built on the banks of the river, if the ground will admit, and about twenty miles distant from each other, and on this plan the Scioto communication will require



ten or eleven stockaded forts, flanked by block houses, and one company of men will be a sufficient garrison for each, except the one at the portage, which will require more attention in the construction, and a larger number of men to garrison it; but besides the supplying the garrisons on the great Lakes with provisions, &c. we ought to take into consideration, the protection that such an arrangement will give to the frontiers of Virginia, Pennsylvania and New-York; I say New York, as we shall undoubtedly extend our settlements and garrisons from the Hudson to the Oswego; this done, and a garrison posted at Niagara, whoever will inspect the maps must be convinced that all the Indians living on the waters of the Mohawk, Oswego, Susquehannah and Alleghany rivers, and in all the country south of the lakes Ontario and Erie, will be encircled in such a manner as will effectually secure their allegiance, and keep them quiet, or oblige them to quit their country.

Nor will such an arrangement of posts from the Ohio to Lake Erie be any additional expense, for unless this gap is shut, notwithstanding the garrisons on the lakes, and from Oswego to the Hudson, yet the frontier settlers on the Ohio, by Fort Pitt to the Susquehannah, and all the country south of the Mohawk, will be exposed to savage insult, unless protected by a chain of garrisons, which will be far more expensive than the arrangement proposed, and at the same time the protection given to these states, will be much less complete; besides we should not confine our protection to the present settlements, but carry the idea of extending them, at least, as far as the lakes Ontario and Erie.

These lakes form such a natural barrier, that when connected with the Hudson and Ohio, by the garrisons proposed, settlements in every part of the states of New-York and Pennsylvania may be made with the utmost safety; so that these states must be deeply interested in the measure, as well as Virginia, who will by the same arrangement have a great part of its frontiers secured, and the rest much strengthened. Nor is there a state in the Union but will be greatly benefitted by the measure, considered in another point of view; for without any expense, except a small allowance of purchase money to the natives, the United States will have within their protection seventeen millions and five hundred thousand acres of very fine lands, to dispose of as they may think proper. But I hasten to mention some of

the expectations which the petitioners have, respecting the conditions on which they hope to obtain the lands; this was not proper to mention in the body of the petition, especially as we pray for grants to all members of the army, who wish to take up lands in that quarter.

The whole tract is supposed to contain about seventeen millions four hundred and eighteen thousand, two hundred and forty acres, and will admit of seven hundred and fifty-six townships of six miles square, allowing to each township three thousand and forty acres for the ministry, schools, waste lands, rivers, ponds and highways; then each township will contain of settlers' lands, twenty thousand acres, and, in the whole, fifteen millions one hundred and twenty thousand acres. The land, to which the army is entitled by the resolves of Congress referred to in the petition, according to my estimate, will amount to two millions one hundred and six thousand eight hundred and fifty acres;—which is about the eighth part of the whole; for the survey of this the army expect to be at no expense, nor do they expect to be under any obligation to settle these lands, or do any duty to secure their title in them; but in order to induce the army to become settlers in the new government, the petitioners hope Congress will make a further grant of lands, on condition of settlement, and I have no doubt but that honorable body will be as liberal to all those who are not provided for by their own States, as New York has been to the officers and soldiers who belong to that State; which if they do, it will require about eight millions of acres to complete the army, and about seven millions of acres will remain for sale. That the petitioners, at least some of them, are much opposed to the monopoly of lands, and wish to guard against large patents being granted to individuals, as in their opinion, such a mode is very injurious to a country, and greatly retards its settlements, and whenever such patents are tenanted, it throws too much power into hands of a few; for these and many other obvious reasons, the petitioners hope no grants will be made, but by townships of six square miles, or six by twelve or six by eighteen miles, to be subdivided by the proprietors to six miles square, that being the standard on which they wish all calculations may be made, and that officers and soldiers as well as those who petition for charters on purchase, may form their association on one uniform principle, as to number of

persons, or rights to be contained in a township; with this exception only, that when the grant is made for reward of services already done, or on condition of settlement, if the officers petition with the soldiers for a particular township, the soldier shall have one right only to a captain's three, and so in proportion with commissioned officers of every grade.

These, sir, are the principles which give rise to the petition under consideration; the petitioners, at least some of them, conceive that sound policy dictates the measure, and that Congress ought to lose no time in establishing some such chain of posts as has been hinted at, and in procuring the tract of country petitioned for, of the natives; for the moment this is done, and agreeable terms offered to the settlers, many of the petitioners are determined not only to become adventurers, but actually to remove themselves to this country; and there is not the least doubt but that other valuable citizens will follow their example; and the probability is, that the country between lake Erie and Ohio will be filled with inhabitants, and the faithful subjects of the United States so established on the waters of the Ohio, and the lakes, as to banish forever the idea of our western territory falling under the dominion of any European power; the frontiers of the old states will be effectually secured from savage alarms, and the *new* will have little to fear from their insults.

I have the honor to be, sir, with every sentiment of respect,  
your Excellency's most obedient and humble servant,

RUFUS PUTNAM.

*Rutland, April 5th, 1784.*

TO GEORGE WASHINGTON.

DEAR SIR:—Being unavoidably prevented from attending the general meeting of the Cincinnati, at Philadelphia, as I had intended, and where I once more expected the opportunity, in person, to pay my respects to your Excellency, I cannot deny myself the honor of addressing you by letter, to express the gratitude, the thousand obligations I feel myself under to your goodness, and most sincerely congratulate you on your return to domestic happiness, to enquire of your health, and wish the best of heaven's blessings may attend you and your dear lady.

The settlement of the Ohio country engrosses many of my thoughts; and much of my time, since I left camp, has been em-

ployed in informing myself and others with respect to the nature, situation and circumstances of that country, and the practicability of removing ourselves there; and if I am to form an opinion from what I have seen and heard on the subject, there are thousands in this quarter will emigrate to that country, as soon as the honorable Congress make provision for granting lands there, and locations and settlements can be made with safety, unless such provision be too long delayed; I mean, till necessity turn their views another way, which is the case with some already, and must soon be the case with many more.

You are sensible of the necessity, as well as the propriety, of both officers and soldiers fixing themselves in business somewhere, as soon as possible; especially, as many of them are unable to lie long on their oars, waiting the decision of Congress on our petition, and therefore must unavoidably fix themselves in some other quarter, which, when once done, the idea of removing to the Ohio country, will probably be at an end with respect to most of them. Besides, the Commonwealth of Massachusetts have come to a resolution to sell their Eastern country for public securities; and should their plan be formed, and their propositions be made public, before we hear any thing from Congress respecting our petition, and the terms on which the lands petitioned for are to be obtained, it will undoubtedly operate much against the Ohio scheme.

From these circumstances and many others that might be mentioned, we are growing very impatient to hear what our prospects are. Among others who have agreed to accompany me to the Ohio, the moment the way is open, are Brigadier General Tupper, Lieutenant Colonel Oliver, and Major Ashley.

I should have hinted these things to some members of Congress, but the Delegates from Massachusetts, although exceeding worthy men, and in general would wish to promote the Ohio settlement, yet, if it should militate with the particular interest of this State, by draining her of inhabitants, especially, as at a time when she is forming the plan of settling the Eastern country, I doubt if they would be very warm advocates in our favor, and I dare not trust myself with any of the New York Delegates, because that government are inviting the Eastern people



to settle in that State, and as to the Delegates from other States, I have no acquaintance with any of them.

These circumstances must apologize for troubling your Excellency on this subject, and requesting the favor of a line, to inform us what the prospects are with respect to our petition, and what measures have been already, or are likely to be taken, with regard to the Ohio country.

I shall take it as a particular favor, sir, if you will be kind enough to recommend some character in Congress, acquainted with, and attached to the Ohio cause, with whom I may prepare to open a correspondence.

I have the honor to be, sir, with the highest respect, your Excellency's humble servant,

RUFUS PUTNAM.

*Mount Vernon, 2d June, 1784.*

TO RUFUS PUTNAM.

DEAR SIR—I could not answer your favor of the 15th ult. from Philadelphia, because General Knox, having mislaid the letter, only presented it to me, at the moment of my departure from that place. The sentiments of esteem and friendship, which breathe in it, are exceedingly pleasing and flattering to me; and you may rest assured they are reciprocal.

I wish it was in my power to give you a more favorable account of the officers' petition for lands on the Ohio and its waters, than I am about to do. Concerning this, and information respecting the establishment for peace, were my enquiries solely directed, as I passed through Annapolis on my way to Philadelphia; but I could not learn that any thing decisive had been done on either. As to the latter, Congress are differing as to their powers; but as they have resolved to lay off ten new States, bounded by latitudes and longitudes, it should be supposed, that they will determine something respecting the former before they adjourn; and yet I very much question it, as that event is to happen on the third of next month.

As the Congress, who are to meet in November next by adjournment, will be composed from a new choice of Delegates in each State, it is not in my power at this time to direct you to a proper correspondence in that body. I wish I could, for persuaded I am, that to some such causes as you have assigned may be ascribed the delay, which the petition has encountered;

for surely, if justice and gratitude to the officers, and the general policy of the Union, were to govern in this case, there would not be the smallest interruption in granting their request. I really feel for those gentlemen, who by these unaccountable (by any other means than those you have suggested) delays, are held in such an awkward and disagreeable state of suspense; and I wish my endeavors could remove the obstacles. At Princeton, before Congress left that place, I exerted every power I was master of, and dwelt upon the argument you have used to show the propriety of a speedy decision. Every member with whom I conversed, acquiesced in the justice of the petition; all yielded, or seem to yield, to the policy of it, but plead the want of cession of the land to act upon. This is made and accepted, and yet matters, as far as they come to my knowledge, remain *in statu quo*.

I am endeavoring to do something with the lands I now hold, and have held in that country these twelve or fourteen years.—The enclosed contains the terms upon which I propose to lease them. I am not sanguine in obtaining tenants for them in this country, and yet, on leases renewable forever, or for nine hundred and ninety-nine years, I will not, considering the peculiar situation and advantages of these lands, take less. For a *short* term, I care little about the rent; because knowing the value and convenience of the land, I am certain the improvements to be made thereon will enable me thereafter to command my own terms. If you think the promulgation of them can be of service to others, or myself, it is optional with you to do it.

With very sincere esteem and regard, I am dear sir, your most obedient servant,

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

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### POSTSCRIPT.

The Committee regret to be under the necessity of apologizing for the late appearance of the proceedings, and for the omission of a poem of great merit, which was delivered by Mr. Thomas Worthington. The delay was unavoidable; and the omission of a conspicuous part of the proceedings, has resulted from the distant residence of Mr. Worthington, and the inability of the Committee to procure, in time for publication, a revised copy of the manuscript ode. Immediately on its reception, it will be presented to the public through some other channel.







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